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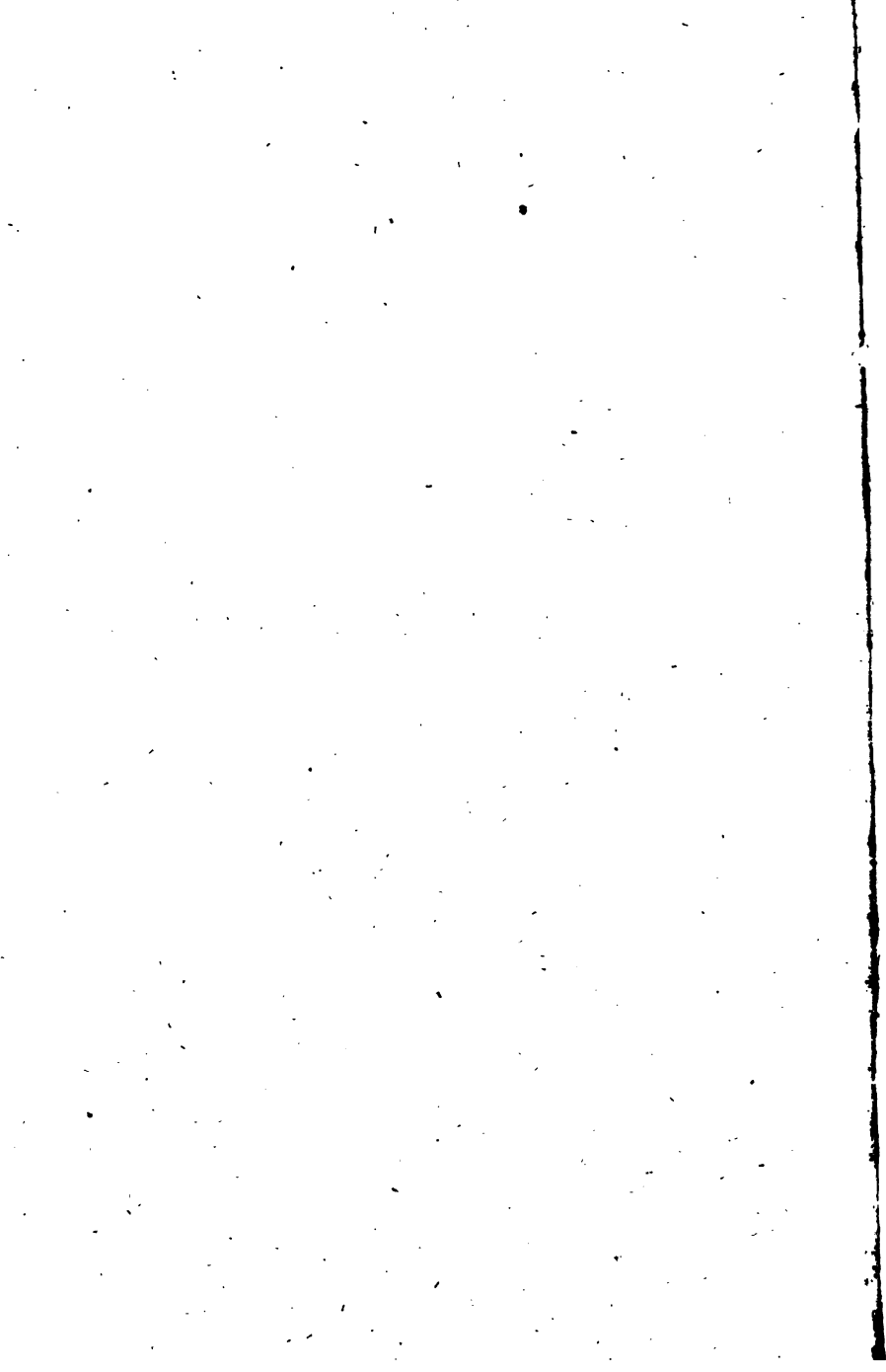
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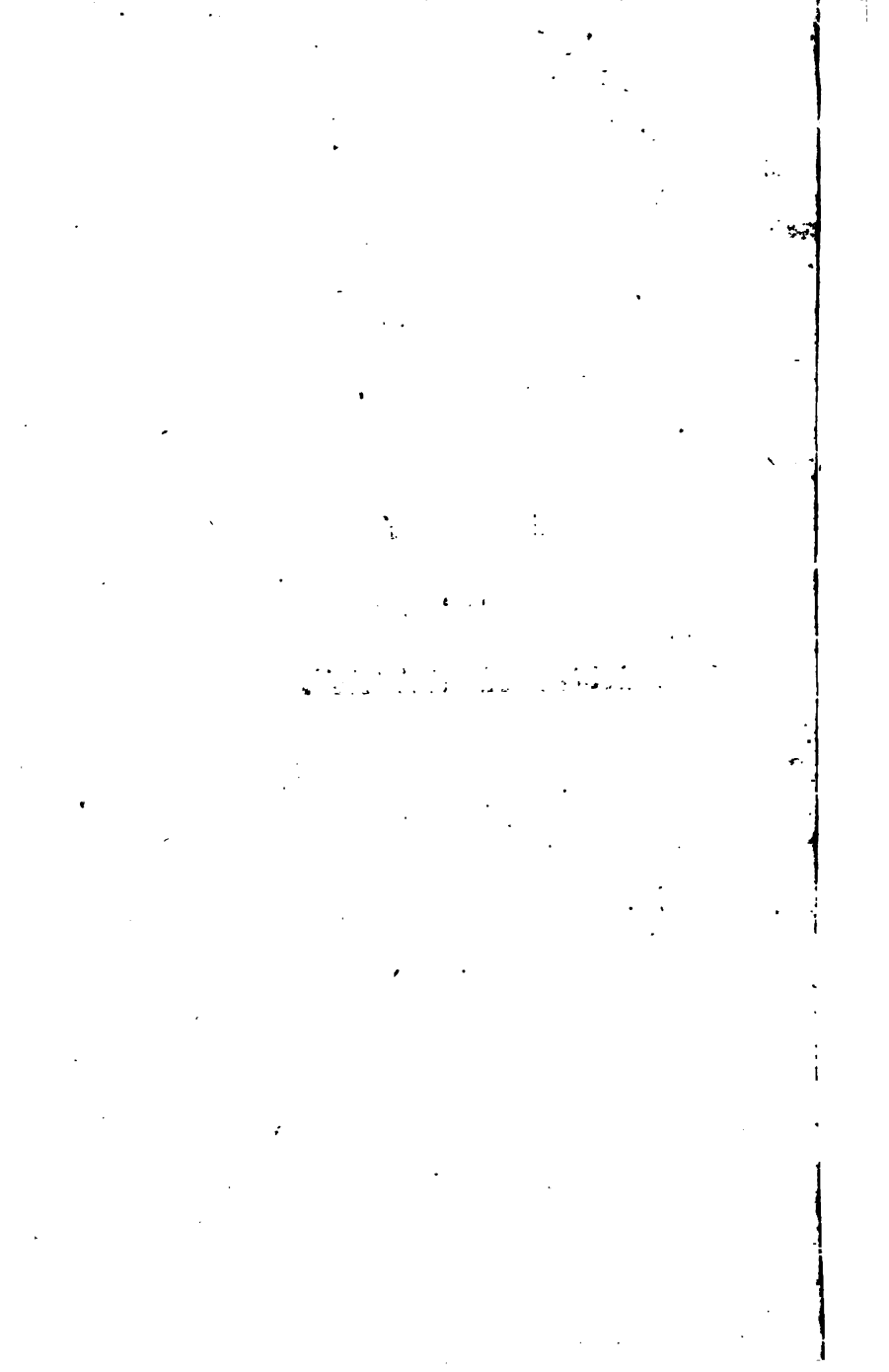
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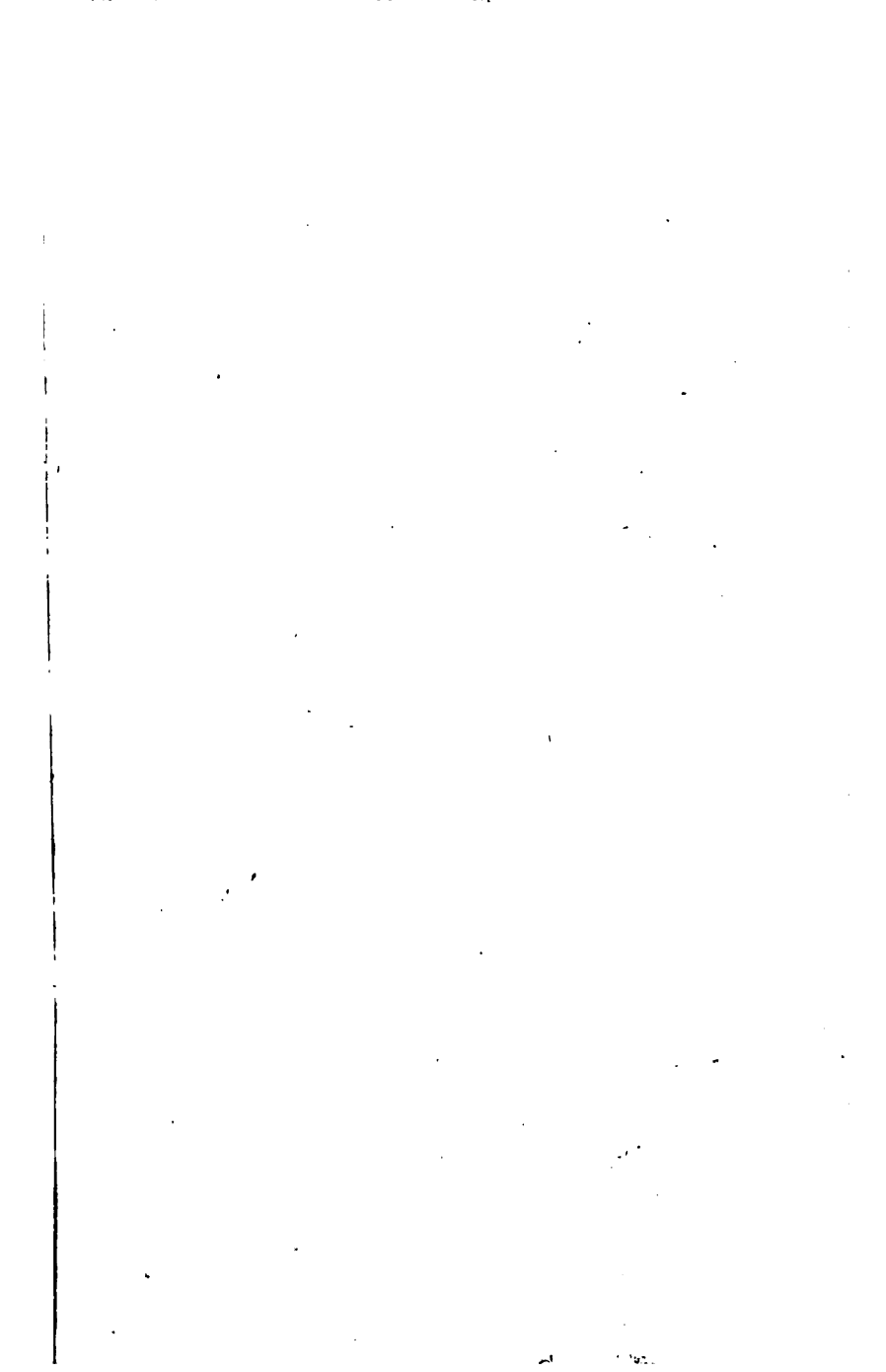


JOURNEY

INTO

NORTH WALES.





I am in the ^{for} ~~profane~~ ^{for} ~~abode~~ of
 pastoral virtue, and might pro-
 bably diffuse its shades over
 my nymphs and I ~~behave~~. That ~~be-~~
 can ~~not~~ ^{have} ~~be~~ no ~~other~~ inhabitants
 than Giants of mighty hue, and
 bold exploits, men of lofty car-
 rage and heroic wisdom. ~~And~~
 some should be described by Maline
 and others by Parnell.

Facsimile of Dr. Johnson's hand writing.
from the original MS.

A

Diary of a Journey

INTO

NORTH WALES,

IN THE YEAR 1774;

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

EDITED, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

By R. DUPPA, LL. B.

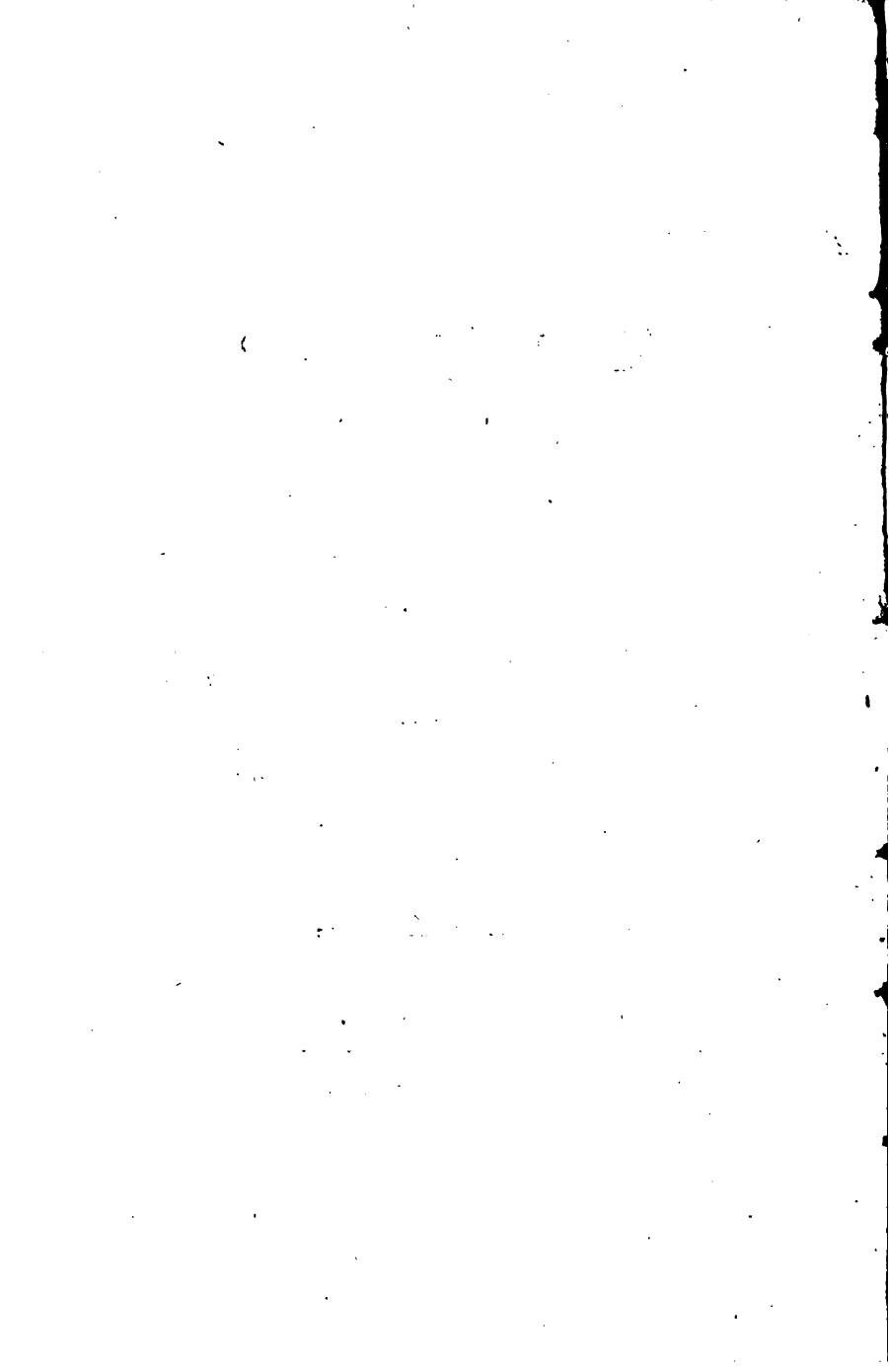
BARRISTER AT LAW.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROBERT JENNINGS, 2, POULTRY,

BY JAMES MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

M.DCCC.XVI.



TO

EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

FROM an uninterrupted intimacy of nearly twenty years, I claim the privilege of dedicating these pages to you,

Dr. Johnson, for his moral and ethical writings, has been too long celebrated, to give his name any additional claim to your attention: but when you read his comparison of the beauties of Hawkestone and Ilam, you will perceive, perhaps for the first time, that he was equally interested in those beauties of nature which have so often delighted you, and which you have so often exquisitely represented.

This fragment, as a literary curiosity, I hope will not disappoint you; for although it may not contain any striking and important facts, or luminous passages of fine writing, it cannot be uninteresting to know how the mind of such a man as Johnson received new impressions, or contemplated for the first time, scenes and occupations unknown to him before.

Accept, therefore, this gift from one who has great pleasure in subscribing himself

Your sincere friend,

R. DUPPA.

LINCOLN'S INN,
Sept. 18, 1816,

PREFACE.

To publish whatever has fallen from the pen of a celebrated author, has been reckoned among the vices of our time ; but those who admire great or extraordinary qualities, have also a desire to know the individual to whom they belong, and to have his likeness, and his portrait, as if he were one of ourselves.

This Journal of Dr. Johnson exhibits his mind when he was alone, when no one was looking on, and when no one was expected to adopt his thoughts, or to be influenced by them : in this respect, it differs from the conversations and anecdotes already pub-

lished: it has also another value, highly interesting, it shews how his mind was influenced by the impression of external things, and in what way he recorded those facts, which he laid up for future reflection.

His "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," was probably composed from a diary not more ample: for of that work he says, "I deal more in notions than in facts:" and this is the general character of his mind; though when Boswell expressed a fear, lest his journal should be encumbered with too many minute particulars, he said, "There is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things, that we attain the great art of having as little misery, and as much happiness, as possible."

Dr. Johnson commenced his journey into

Wales, July 5, 1774, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and their daughter, now Lady Keith, and returned August 25.

On the same morning that he left Streatham, he wrote a letter to his friend, Bennet Langton, in which he informs him of this excursion, and of the state of his health.

“ I have just begun to print my Journey to the Hebrides, and am leaving the press, to take another journey into Wales, whither Mr. Thrale is going, to take possession of at least five hundred a year, fallen to his lady.

“ I have never recovered from the last dreadful illness, but flatter myself that I grow better : much, however, yet remains to mend.”

.. In the prosecution of this tour, whatever

was his own gratification or disappointment, he appears but little to have gratified the curiosity of others; for Boswell says, "I do not find that he kept any journal, or notes of what he saw in his tour in Wales. All that I heard him say of it was, that instead of bleak and barren mountains, there were green and fertile ones; and that one of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles that he had seen in Scotland."

This Diary, which is now for the first time presented to the public, will fill up that chasm in the Life of Johnson, which his biographer was unable to supply.

For its authenticity, I will pledge myself: but if there should be any who are desirous to gratify their curiosity, or to satisfy their judgment, the original MS. in the handwriting of Dr. Johnson, is in the possession

of the publisher, where it may at any time be seen.

The Editor acknowledges his obligation to Mrs. Piozzi, for her kind assistance in explaining many facts in this Diary, which could not otherwise have been understood,

Error in page 40, *for* spots, *read* sports.



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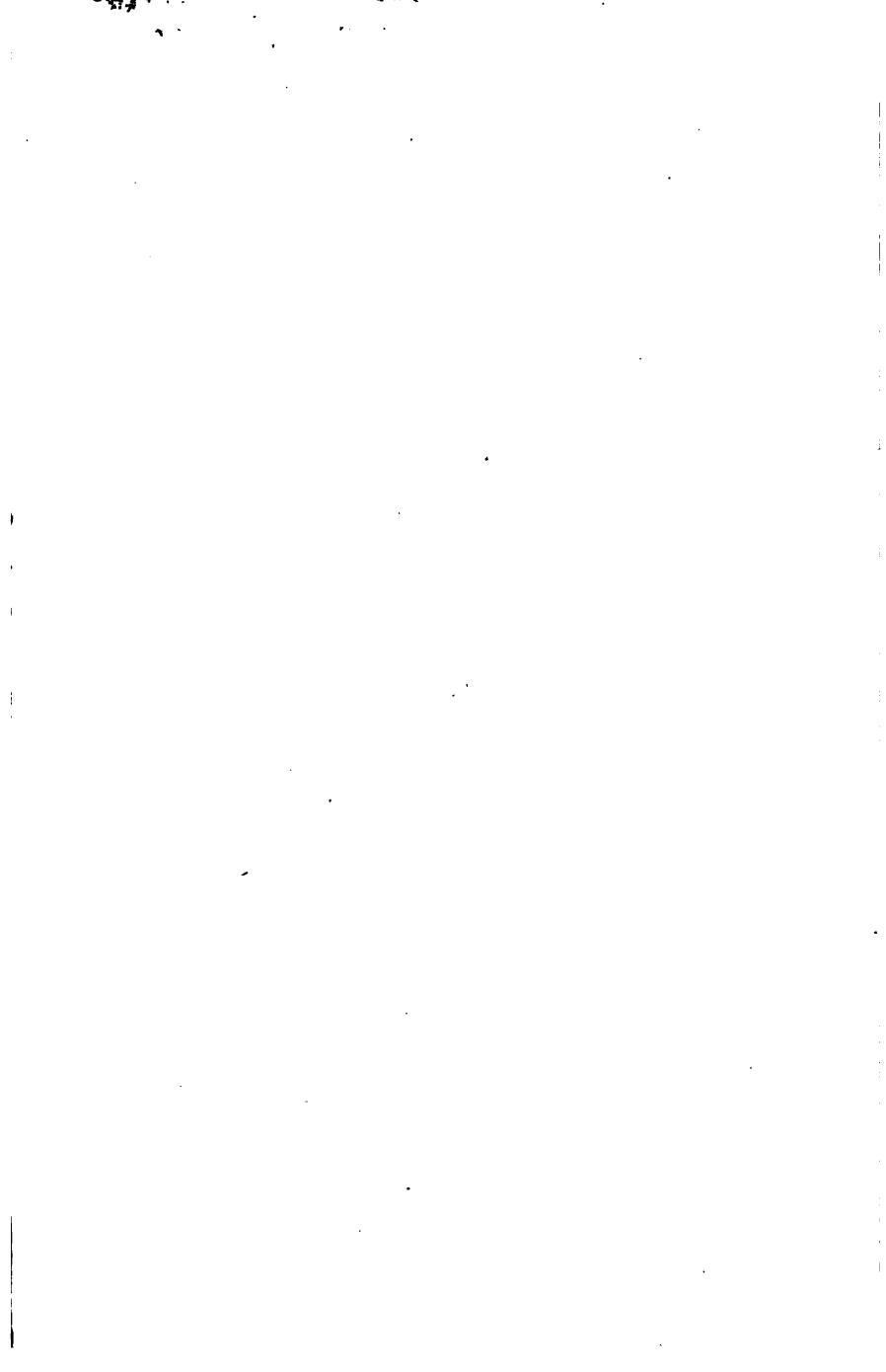
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Faith is some proportion to Fear.

Fac-simile of Dr Johnson's hand writing.

This sentence is written by itself on a blank leaf in the common-place-book in which the Diary is made.

A
JOURNEY
INTO
NORTH WALES,

IN
THE YEAR 1774.

JULY 5, TUESDAY.

WE left Streatham * 11 a. m.

Streatham.

Price of 4 horses 2s. a mile.

* A village in Surry about six miles from London; the residence of Mr. Thrale. During the life of Mr. Thrale, his house

6.

Barnet.

Barnet 1. 40'. p. m.

On the road I read Tully's Epistles.

At night at Dunstable.

Lichfield.

To Lichfield, 83 miles.

To the Swan^b.

was the resort of the most eminent and distinguished characters of his time. Here Johnson was domesticated, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, were often found.

^b When at this place Mrs. Thrale gives an anecdote of Johnson, to shew his minute attention to things which might reasonably have been supposed out of the range of his observation. "When I came down to breakfast at the inn, my dress did not

7.

To the Cathedral.

please him, and he made me alter it entirely before he would stir a step with us about the town, saying most satirical things concerning the appearance I made in a riding-habit; and adding, 'Tis very strange that such eyes as yours cannot discern propriety of dress: if I had a sight only half as good, I think I should see to the centre.'"

Johnson has contrived to introduce the city of Lichfield into his Dictionary of the English Language, from its having been the place of his birth. "*Lichfield*, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so

To Mrs. Porter's^c.

To Mrs. Aston's^d.

named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens.*"

^c Mrs. Lucy Porter. A step-daughter to Dr. Johnson. Her brother, a captain in the navy, had left her a fortune of ten thousand pounds; about a third of which she laid out in building a stately house, and making a handsome garden, in an elevated situation in Lichfield. Johnson, when he visited Lichfield alone, lived at her house. She revered him, and he had a parental tenderness for her. *Appendix 1.*

^d Mrs. Elizabeth Aston. A daughter of Sir Thomas Aston. She lived at Stow Hill, an eminence adjoining to Lichfield. *App. 2.*

To Mr. Green's*.

Mr. Green's Museum was much
admired, and

Mr. Newton's^f china.

* Mr. Richard Green was an apothecary, and related to Dr. Johnson. He had a considerable collection of antiquities, natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art. He had all the articles accurately arranged, with their names upon labels, and on the staircase leading to it was a board, with the names of contributors marked in gold letters. A printed catalogue of the collection was to be had at a book-seller's.

^f Mr. Newton was a gentleman, long resident in Lichfield, who had acquired a large fortune in the East Indies.

8.

To Mr. Newton's. To Mrs.
Cobb's^c.

^c Mrs. Cobb was a widow lady who lived at a place called the Friary, close to Lichfield. She was a great admirer of Johnson, though it would seem, if Miss Seward's statement be correct, he had but little admiration for her. "Mrs. Cobb knows nothing, has read nothing; and where nothing is put into the brain, nothing can come out of it to any purpose of rational entertainment." Miss Seward, however, observes, that although she was illiterate, her understanding was strong, her perceptions quick, her wit shrewd, comic, sarcastic, and original.

Dr. Darwin's^a. I went again to Mrs. Aston's. She was very sorry to part.

^a Dr. Erasmus Darwin; at this time he lived at Lichfield, where he had practised as a Physician from the year 1756, and did not settle at Derby till after his second marriage with Mrs. Pool, in the year 1781.

Miss Seward says, that although Dr. Johnson visited Lichfield while Dr. Darwin lived there, they had only one or two interviews, and never afterwards sought each other. Mutual and strong dislike subsisted between them: Dr. Darwin died April 18, 1802, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

9.

Breakfasted at Mr. Garrick's¹.
Visited Miss Vyse².

¹ This gentleman was Mr. Peter Garrick, brother to David Garrick, and bore a striking resemblance to him. Johnson speaking of him to Boswell says: "Sir, I don't know but if Peter had cultivated all the arts of gaiety as much as David has done, he might have been as brisk and lively. Depend upon it, sir, vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly on habit."

² A daughter of the Rev. Arch-Deacon Vyse, of the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry.

Miss Seward¹.

Went to Dr. Taylor's^m.

I read a little on the road in
Tully's Epistles and Martial.

¹ Miss Seward was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon-Residentiary of the Cathedral of Lichfield. Six volumes of letters by this lady, published since her death, have put the public in full possession of the kind of intimacy, or friendship which subsisted between her and Dr. Johnson.

^m Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne in Derbyshire. Dr. Johnson's old friend and schoolfellow; of whom he said,—“He is better acquainted with my heart than any man or woman now living.” *App.* 3.

10 ▲ JOURNEY INTO

Mart. 8th, 44, lino pro limo^a.

10.

Morning, at Church. Company
at dinner.

11.

Ilam. At Ilam. At Oakover. I was
less pleased with Ilam than when

^a The verse in Martial is

“Defluat, et lento splendescat turbida limo.”

The epigram is addressed to Flaccus, and
in the common editions of Martial it has
the number 45, and not 44.

I saw it first, but my friends were much delighted°.

* Ilam is the celebrated residence of Mr. Porte at the entrance of Dovedale. Notwithstanding Johnson was less pleased with his second visit to Ilam than the first, yet he has in this diary given very ample proof that he enjoyed its beauties.

In July, 1777, Dr. Johnson took Boswell to see this place, which would seem to be the third time, at least, that he had been there; and this is the account Boswell gives of the visit. “ I recollect a very fine amphitheatre, surrounded with hills, covered with woods, and walks neatly formed along the side of a rocky steep, on the quarter next the house, with recesses

Chatsworth. At Chatsworth. The Water willow. The cascade, shot out from

under projections of rock, overshadowed with trees; in one of which recesses, we were told, Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." We viewed a remarkable natural curiosity at Ilam; two rivers bursting near each other from the rock, not from immediate springs, but after having run for many miles under ground. Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," gives an account of this curiosity; but Johnson would not believe it, though we had the attestation of the gardener, who said, he

many spouts. The fountains. The water tree. The smooth floors in the highest rooms. Atlas, fifteen hands inch and half?

River running through the park. The porticoes on the sides support two galleries for the first floor.

had put in corks, where the river Manyfold sinks into the ground, and had caught them in a net, placed before one of the openings where the water bursts out.

P This was a race-horse, which was very handsome and very gentle, and attracted so much of Dr. Johnson's attention, that he said; " of all the Duke's possessions, I like Atlas best."

My friends were not struck with the house. It fell below my ideas of the furniture. The staircase is in the corner of the house. The Hall in the corner, the grandest room, though only a room of passage.

On the ground-floor, only the chapel and the breakfast-room, and a small library ; the rest, servants' rooms and offices².

A bad Inn.

² This is the second time Johnson had visited Chatsworth. He saw it, Nov. 26, 1772; and in a letter to Mrs. Thrale he

13.

At Matlock.

14.

At dinner at Oakover; too deaf Oakover.

says, "Chatsworth is a very fine house. I wish you had been with me to see it; for then, as we are apt to want matter of talk, we should have gained something new to talk on. They complimented me with playing the fountain, and opening the cascade. But I am of my friend's opinion, that when one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things."

to hear, or much converse^r. Mrs. Gell.

The chapel at Oakover^r. The wood of the pews grossly painted. I could not read the epitaph. Would learn the old hands.

^r Dr. Johnson's hearing was very defective, and a cold made him too deaf to enjoy society. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Sept. 14, 1773, he says, "I have a cold, and am miserably deaf:" and on the 21st he says, "I am now too deaf to take the usual pleasure in conversation."

^r This chapel is at Burleydam in Cheshire, close to Combermere, built by Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's uncle.

15.

At Ashbourn. Mrs. Diot and Ashbourn:
her daughters came in the morning.
Mrs. Diot dined with us. We
visited Mr. Flint.

Τὸ πρῶτον Μῶρος, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον εἶλεν Ἐρασμὸς,
Τὸ τρίτον ἐκ Μουσῶν τρίμμα Μικυλλὸς ἔχει.

* “ From the Muses, Sir Thomas More bore away the first crown, Erasmus the second, and Micyllus has the third.”

Jacobus Micyllus; whose real name was Melcher, died 1558, aged 55. In the MS. Johnson has introduced ἦρεν by the side of εἶλεν, as if he were doubtful whether that tense ought not to have been adopted.

16.

Dovedale.

At Dovedale, with Mr. Langley and Mr. Flint. It is a place that deserves a visit; but did not answer my expectation. The river is small, the rocks are grand. Reynard's Hall is a cave very high in the rock; it goes backward several yards, perhaps eight. To the left is a small opening, through which I crept, and found another cavern, perhaps four yards square; at the back was a breach yet smaller, which I could not easily have entered, and, wanting light, did not inspect.

I was in a cave yet higher, called Reynard's Kitchen. There is a rock called the Church, in which I saw no resemblance that could justify the name^a.

Dovedale is about two miles long. We walked towards the head of the Dove, which is said to rise about five miles above two caves called the Dog-holes, at the foot of Dovedale.

In one place, where the rocks

^a This rock is supposed rudely to resemble a tower; hence, it has been called the Church.

approached, I proposed to build an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it.

The water murmured pleasantly among the stones.

I thought that the heat and exercise mended my hearing. I bore the fatigue of the walk, which was very laborious, without inconvenience.

There were with us Gilpin^v and

^v Mr. Gilpin was an accomplished youth, at this time an undergraduate at Oxford. His father was a silversmith in London.

Parker^x. Having heard of this place before, I had formed some imperfect idea, to which it did not answer. Brown says he was disappointed. I certainly expected a large river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water.

He that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands^y.

^x John Parker, of Brownsholme, in Lancashire, Esq.

^y Mr. Whateley, who visited Dovedale at this time, has given a finished description

22: A JOURNEY INTO

In the afternoon we visited old
Mrs. Dale*.

17.

Sunday morning, at church—K&S.
Afternoon, at Mr. Diot's.

18.

Dined at Mr. Gell's*.

of it, and he felt the beauties of nature, and described them better, than any author I am acquainted with. *See App. 4.*

* Mrs. Dale was at this time 93 years of age.

* Mr. Gell, of Hopton Hall, a short distance from Carsington, in Derbyshire; the

19.

We went to Kedleston^b to see Kedleston.
Lord Scarsdale's new house, which
is very costly, but ill contrived.

Father of Sir William Gell, well known for his topography of Troy, and other literary works; born 1775. " July 12, 1775, Mr. Gell is now rejoicing, at fifty-seven, for the birth of an heir-male." — *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

^b In the year 1777 Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited Kedleston together: and it is interesting to compare Boswell's account with this which is written by Johnson.

The Hall is very stately, lighted by three skylights ; it has two rows of marble pillars, dug, as I hear from Langley, in a quarry of Northamp-

himself when he visited it three years before that time.

“ Friday, September 19, after breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I set out in Dr. Taylor’s chaise to go to Derby. The day was fine, and we resolved to go by Kedleston, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, that I might see his Lordship’s fine house. I was struck with the magnificence of the building ; and the extensive park, with the finest verdure, covered with deer, and cattle, and sheep, delighted me. The number of old oaks, of

tonshire; the pillars are very large and massy, and take up too much room; they were better away. Behind the Hall is a circular

an immense size, filled me with a sort of respectful admiration: for one of them sixty pounds was offered. The excellent smooth gravel roads; the large piece of water formed by his Lordship from some small brooks, with a handsome barge upon it; the venerable Gothick church, now the family chapel, just by the house; in short, the grand group of objects agitated and distended my mind in a most agreeable manner. "One should think (said I) that the proprietor of all this *must* be happy."—

saloon, useless, and therefore ill contrived.

The corridors that join the wings to the body are mere passages.

“ Nay, sir, (said Johnson,) all this excludes but one evil— poverty.”

“ Our names were sent up, and a well-drest elderly housekeeper, a most distinct articulator, shewed us the house. Dr. Johnson thought better of it to-day, than when he saw it before*; for he had lately attacked it violently, saying, “ It would do excellently for a town-hall. The large room with the pillars (said he) would do for the Judges to

* This relates to the time when this Diary was made.

through segments of circles. The state bedchamber was very richly furnished. The dining parlour was more splendid with gilt plate than.

sit in at the assizes ; the circular room for a jury-chamber ; and the room above for prisoners." Still he thought the large room ill lighted, and of no use but for dancing in ; and the bed-chambers but indifferent rooms ; and that the immense sum which it cost was injudiciously laid out. Dr. Taylor had put him in mind of his *appearing* pleased with the house. " But (said he) that was when Lord Scarsdale was present. Politeness obliges us to appear pleased with a man's works when he is present. No man

any that I have seen. There were many pictures. The grandeur was all below. The bedchambers were small, low, dark, and fitter for a

will be so ill bred as to question you. You may therefore pay compliments without saying what is not true. I should say to Lord Scarsdale of his large room, 'My Lord, this is the most *costly* room that I ever saw ;' which is true."

Dr. Manningham, physician in London, who was visiting at Lord Scarsdale's, accompanied us through many of the rooms, and soon afterwards my Lord himself, to whom Dr. Johnson was known, appeared, and did the honours of the house.

prison than a house of splendour. The kitchen has an opening into the gallery, by which its heat and its fumes are dispersed over the house. There seemed in the whole more cost than judgment.

We talked of Mr. Langton. Johnson, with a warm vehemence of regard, exclaimed, "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton." We saw a good many fine pictures.—We were shown a pretty large library. In his Lordship's dressing-room lay Johnson's small Dictionary: he shewed it to me with some eagerness, saying, "Look'ye! *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*" He observed,

Derby. We went then to the silk mill at Derby, where I remarked a particular manner of propagating motion from a horizontal to a vertical wheel.

We were desired to leave the men only two shillings. Mr. Thrale's bill at the inn for dinner was eighteen shillings and tenpence.

At night I went to Mr. Langley's. Mrs. Wood's. Captain Astle, &c.

also, Goldsmith's "Animated Nature;" and said, "Here's our friend! The poor Doctor would have been happy to hear of this."

20.

We left Ashbourn and went to Buxton, thence to Pool's Hole, which is narrow at first, but then rises into a high arch; but is so obstructed with crags, that it is difficult to walk in it. There are two ways to the end, which is, they say, six hundred and fifty yards from the mouth. They take passengers up the higher way, and bring them back the lower. The higher way was so difficult and dangerous, that, having tried it, I desisted. I found no level part.

Buxton.
Pool's Hole.

Macclesfield. At night we came to Macclesfield, a very large town in Cheshire, little known. It has a silk mill: it has a handsome church, which, however, is but a chapel, for the town belongs to some parish of another name^c, as Stourbridge lately did to Old Swinford.

Macclesfield has a town-hall, and is, I suppose, a corporate town^d.

^c The parish of Prestbury.

^d The Corporation consists of twenty-four aldermen, and has such rights and privileges as commonly appertain to corporate towns.

We came to Congleton, where Congleton.
 there is likewise a silk mill. Then
 to Middlewich, a mean old town, Middlewich.
 without any manufacture, but, I
 think, a Corporation. Thence we
 proceeded to Namptwich, an old Namptwich.
 town: from the Inn, I saw scarcely
 any but black timber houses. I
 tasted the brine water, which con-
 tains much more salt than the sea
 water*. By slow evaporation, they

* Sea water, in its natural state, is but a weak brine; but its saltness varies in different seas, and at different depths. In the Baltic, the proportion of common salt, and other saline ingredients, to the water in which it.

make large crystals of salt; by quick boiling, small granulations; It seemed to have no other preparation.

is held in solution, is as one to forty; in the British Channel, as one to thirty; and at a great depth near the Equator, as one to twenty-three: but the average may be estimated as one to twenty-eight. The brine in our salt works undergoes a process which is called *graduation*, by which its strength is greatly increased before it is submitted to evaporation. The colour of salt ought to be of a delicate blue-whiteness; any approach to yellow shews that the brine has been contaminated by the presence of iron.

At evening we came to Comber- Combermere.
mere^f, so called from a wide lake.

22.

We went up the Mere. I pulled
a bulrush of about ten feet^g. I

^f At this time the seat of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, now, of Lord Combermere, his grandson, from which place he takes his title. It is situated in Cheshire, twenty-two miles from Shrewsbury.

^g Great Cats'-tail, or Reed-mace. The *Typha latifolia* of Linnæus.— See *Classes and Orders of Linnaeus*, vol, iii. p. 434.

saw no convenient boats upon the Mere.

23.

Shavington.

We visited Lord Kilmorey's house. It is large and convenient, with many rooms, none of which are magnificently spacious^a. The furniture was not splendid. The

^a This house, which is called Shavington Hall, is in Shropshire, twenty-one miles from Shrewsbury, and, like Wrottesley Hall in the adjoining county, is said

bed-curtains were guarded. Lord Kilmorey shewed the place with too much exultation. He has no Park, and little water.

24.

We went to a chapel, built by Sir Lynch Cotton for his tenants. It is consecrated, and therefore, I suppose, endowed. It is neat and plain. The communion plate is

to have as many windows, doors, and chimnies, as correspond in number to the days, weeks, and months, in a year.

handsome. It has iron pales and gates of great elegance, brought from Llewenny, "for Robert has laid all open¹."

Hawkestone.

We saw Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill^k, and were conducted by Miss Hill over a large tract of rocks and woods; a region

¹ This remark has reference to family conversation. Robert was the eldest son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, and lived at Llewenny at this time.

^k Now belonging to Sir John Hill, Bart. father of Lord Hill. It is twelve miles from Shrewsbury.

abounding with striking scenes and terrific grandeur. We were always on the brink of a precipice, or at the foot of a lofty rock ; but the steeps were seldom naked : in many places, oaks of uncommon magnitude shot up from the crannies of stone ; and where there were no trees, there were underwoods and bushes.

Round the rocks is a narrow path cut upon the stone, which is very frequently hewn into steps ; but art has proceeded no further than to make the succession of wonders safely accessible. The whole circuit is somewhat labo-

rious; it is terminated by a grotto cut in the rock to a great extent, with many windings, and supported by pillars, not hewn into regularity, but such as imitate the spots of nature, by asperities and protuberances.

The place is without any dampness, and would afford an habitation not uncomfortable. There were from space to space seats cut out in the rock. Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows, and the loftiness of its

rocks: the ideas which it forces upon the mind are, the sublime, the dreadful, and the vast. Above is inaccessible altitude, below is horrible profundity. But it excels the garden of Ilam only in extent.

Ilam has grandeur, tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the vallies, he is composed and soothed.

He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone, wonders how he

came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration.

Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over Nymphs and Swains. Hawkestone can have no fitter inhabitants than giants of mighty bone and bold emprise¹; men of lawless

¹ Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 642.

courage and heroic violence. Hawkestone should be described by Milton, and Ilam by Parnel^m.

^m It ought to be remembered, that Johnson has already said that he was less pleased with Ilam on this second visit than when he first saw it; and yet, in 1777, three years subsequent to the time when this account was written, he still continued to have the same admiration for its beauties: and what Boswell says upon this subject is the more interesting, as he was wholly ignorant of the existence of this diary, which was written in 1774.

“ Dr. Johnson obligingly proposed to carry me to see Ilam, a romantic scene, now belonging to a family of the name of

Miss Hill shewed the whole succession of wonders with great civility. The house was magnificent, compared with the rank of the owner.

Porte, but formerly the seat of the Congregues. Johnson described it distinctly and vividly, at which I could not but express to him my wonder; because, though my eyes, as he observed, were better than his, I could not by any means equal him in representing visible objects. I said, the difference between us in this respect was as that between a man who has a bad instrument, but plays well on it, and a man who has a good instrument, on which he can play very imperfectly."

26.

We left Combermere, where we have been treated with great civility.

The house is spacious, but not magnificent; built at different times, with different materials; part is of timber, part of stone or brick, plastered and painted to look like timber. It is the best house that I ever saw of that kind.

The Mere, or Lake, is large, with a small island, on which there is a summer-house, shaded

with great trees ; some, were hollow,
and have seats in their trunks^a.

Chester. In the afternoon we came to
West-Chester ; (my father went
to the fair, when I had the small-
pox). We walked round the walls,
which are compleat, and contain
one mile three quarters, and one

^a Combermere stands on the site of an
old Abbey of Benedictine Monks, which
was founded 1133 ; and, about the year
1540, at the dissolution of the monasteries,
was granted, with a great part of the estates
of the Abbey, to George Cotton, Esq., an
ancestor of the present Lord Combermere.

hundred and one yards; within them are many gardens: they are very high, and two may walk very commodiously side by side. On the inside is a rail. There are towers from space to space, not very frequent, and, I think, not all compleat.

The library, which is forty feet by twenty-seven, is supposed to have been the refectory. The Lake, or Mere, is about three quarters of a mile long, but of no great width; it is skirted with woods, and from some situations it has the appearance of a river.

27.

We staid at Chester and saw the Cathedral, which is not of the first rank. The Castle. In one of the rooms the Assizes are held, and the refectory of the Old Abbey, of which part is a grammar school. The master seemed glad to see me. The cloister is very solemn; over it are chambers in which the singing men live.

In one part of the street was a subterranean arch, very strongly built; in another, what they called,

I believe rightly, a Roman hypocaust°.

Chester has many curiosities.

28.

We entered Wales, dined at Mold.
Mold^p, and came to Llewenev^q.

° See *App.* 5.

^p Mold is a small market town, consisting principally of one long and wide street.

^q Llewenev Hall, as I have already observed, was the residence of Robert Cotton, Esq. Mrs. Thrale's cousin german. Here Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson

Lleweney. We were at Lleweney.

In the lawn at Lleweney is a spring of fine water, which rises above the surface into a stone

staid three weeks, making visits and short excursions in the neighbourhood and surrounding country. Pennant gives this description of its situation. "Lleweney lies on a flat, has most pleasing views of the mountains on each side of the vale, and the town and castle of Denbigh form most capital objects at the distance of two miles." It now belongs to Mr. Hughes of Kinnel, who lately purchased it, with the estate, for £.150,000.

basin, from which it runs to waste, in a continual stream, through a pipe.

There are very large trees.

The Hall at Llewenny is forty feet long, and twenty-eight broad. The gallery one hundred and twenty feet long, (all paved.) The Library forty-two feet long, and twenty-eight broad. The Dining-parlours thirty-six feet long, and twenty-six broad.

It is partly sashed, and partly has casements.

30.

We went to Bach-y Graig, where Bach-y Graig.
we found an old house, built 1567,

in an uncommon and incommodious form. My Mistress chattered about cleaning*, but I prevailed on her to go to the top. The floors have been stolen : the windows are stopped.

The house was less than I seemed

* Bâch y Graig had been the residence of Mrs. Thrale's ancestors for several generations ; but her father did not live there, and it fell to decay, and on this visit Mrs. Thrale found it very dirty, particularly the stairs, and she required some persuasion to go up, but was at last prevailed upon. *My Mistress*, was Johnson's familiar epithet for Mrs. Thrale.

to expect; the river Clwyd is a brook with a bridge of one arch, about one third of a mile.

The woods have many trees, generally young; but some, which seem to decay*. They have been

* From a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Sept. 13, 1777, Johnson would seem to imply, that Wales had only these woods to attract the attention of a stranger. "Boswell wants to see Wales; but except the woods of *Bâch y Graig*, what is there in Wales, that can fill the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirst of curiosity?" Had he been writing to Boswell, instead of Mrs. Thrale, he would probably have been told, that in

lopped. The house never had a garden. The addition of another story would make an useful house, but it cannot be great. Some buildings which Clough, the founder, intended for warehouses, would make store-chambers and servants' rooms^t. The ground seems to be good. I wish it well.

Scotland there was little else to make an impression on the traveller, but high hills, which, by constantly bounding the view, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself, in contemplating hopeless sterility, or useless vegetation.

^t Pennant gives a description of this

We went to church at St. Asaph. St. Asaph.
The Cathedral, though not large,
has something of dignity and grandeur. The cross aisle is very short.

house, in a tour he made into North Wales in 1780.

“ Not far from Dymerchion, lies half buried in woods the singular house of Bâch y Graig. It consists of a mansion of three sides, enclosing a square court. The first consists of a vast hall and parlour : the rest of it rises into six wonderful stories, including the cupola ; and forms from the second floor the figure of a pyramid : the

It has scarcely any monuments. The Quire has, I think, thirty-two stalls of antique workmanship. On the backs were CANONICUS, PREBEND, CANCELLARIUS, THESAURARIUS, PRÆCENTOR. The con-

rooms are small and inconvenient. The bricks are admirable, and appear to have been made in Holland; and the model of the house was probably brought from Flanders, where this kind of building is not unfrequent. It was built by Sir Richard Clough, an eminent merchant, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The initials of his name are in iron on the front, with the date 1567, and on the gate-way 1569.

stitution I do not know, but it has all the usual titles and dignities. The service was sung only in the Psalms and Hymns.

The Bishop was very civil^a. We went to his palace, which is but mean. They have a library, and design a room. There lived Lloyd^b and Dodwell.

^a The Bishop at this time was Dr. Shipley, father to the present Dean of St. Asaph. Upon another occasion, when he dined in company with Dr. Shipley, he said he was *knowing and conversible*. Their difference in politics would hardly admit of more praise from Johnson.

^b Lloyd was raised to the See of St.

AUGUST 1.

Denbigh. We visited Denbigh, and the remains of its Castle.

The Town consists of one main street, and some that cross it, which I have not seen. The chief street ascends with a quick rise for a

Asaph in 1680. He was one of the seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower in 1688, for refusing to permit the publication of the royal declaration for liberty of conscience, and was a zealous promoter of the Revolution. He died Bishop of Worcester, August 30, 1717, at 91 years of age.

Dodwell was a man of extensive learning, and an intimate friend of Lloyd, and,

great length : the houses are built, some with rough stone, some with brick, and a few of timber.

The Castle, with its whole enclosure, has been a prodigious pile ; it is now so ruined, that the form of the inhabited part cannot easily be traced.

There are, as in all old buildings,

like him, a great friend to the Revolution. He also entertained religious opinions which were, for the greater part of his life, inconvenient to him : but when he became an old man, his reason prevailed over those scruples, which his skill in controversy, in the vigour of his life, had given more importance to than they deserved.

said to be extensive vaults, which the ruins of the upper works cover and conceal, but into which boys sometimes find a way. To clear all passages, and trace the whole of what remains, would require much labour and expense. We saw a Church, which was once the Chapel of the Castle, but is used by the Town: it is dedicated to St. Hilary, and has an income of about —

At a small distance is the ruin of a Church said to have been begun by the great Earl of Leicester^{*}, and

^{*} By Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in 1579. He died Sept. 4, 1588.

left unfinished at his death. One side, and I think the east end, are yet standing. There was a stone in the wall, over the door-way, which it was said would fall and crush the best scholar in the diocese. One Price would not pass under it. They have taken it down.

We then saw the Chapel of Llewenny, founded by one of the Salusburys: it is very compleat: the monumental stones lie in the ground. A chimney has been added to it, but it is otherwise not much injured, and might be easily repaired^r.

^r The late Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton had no taste for antiquity of any kind; and

Denbigh. We went to the parish Church of Denbigh, which, being near a mile from the town, is only used when the parish officers are chosen.

In the Chapel, on Sundays, the service is read thrice, the second time only in English, the first and third in Welsh.

The Bishop came to survey the Castle, and visited likewise St. Hilary's Chapel, which is that which the town uses. The hay-barn, built with

this Chapel was not regarded by him as being in any respect better than a barn, or fit for any other purpose; and the present proprietor applies it to that use.

brick pillars from space to space, and covered with a roof. A more elegant and lofty Hovel.

The rivers here, are mere torrents which are suddenly swelled by the rain to great breadth and great violence, but have very little constant stream; such are the Clwyd and the Elwy*. There are yet no

* Here we see Johnson simply describing the character of these streams; and this description is interesting when compared with a passage in his Journey to the Western Islands, where the same facts become important from the language in which they are given.

“ We passed many rivers and rivulets,

mountains. The ground is beautifully embellished with woods, and diversified with inequalities.

In the parish church of Denbigh is a bas relief of Lloyd the antiquary,

which commonly ran with a clear shallow stream over a hard pebbly bottom. These channels, which seem so much wider than the water that they convey would naturally require, are formed by the violence of wintry floods, produced by the accumulation of innumerable streams that fall in rainy weather from the hills, and bursting away with resistless impetuosity, make themselves a passage proportionate to their mass."

who was before Camden. He is kneeling at his prayers^a.

2.

We rode to a summer-house of Mr. Cotton, which has a very extensive prospect; it is meanly built, and unskilfully disposed^b.

^a Humphry Llwyd was a native of Denbigh, and practised there as a physician, and also represented the town in Parliament. He died 1568, aged 41.

^b This summer-house is in the grounds belonging to Llewenev, and their ride to

Dymerchion. We went to Dymerchion church^c, where the old clerk acknowledged his Mistress. It is the parish church of Bâch y Graig^d. A mean fabric: Mr. Salusbury^e was buried in it. Bâch y Graig has fourteen seats in it.

it was to see the prospect; the situation commands a very beautiful view.

^c Dymerchion is three miles from St. Asaph.

^d Bâch y Graig is the name of one of three townships of the parish of Dymerchion.

^e Mrs. Thrale's father.

As we rode by, I looked at the house again. We saw Llanerch, a house not mean, with a small park very well watered. There was an avenue of oaks, which, in a foolish compliance with the present mode, has been cut down. A few are yet standing. The owner's name is Davies^f. Llanerch.

The way lay through pleasant lanes, and overlooked a region beautifully diversified with trees and grass.

^f Robert Davies, Esq. At his house there was an extensive library.

At Dymerchion church there is English service only once a month. This is about twenty miles from the English border.

The old Clerk had great appearance of joy at the sight of his Mistress, and foolishly said, that he was now willing to die. He had only a crown given him by my Mistress^z.

^z In the MS. in Dr. Johnson's handwriting, he has first entered in his diary, "The old Clerk had great appearance of joy at seeing his Mistress, and foolishly said that he was now willing to die:" he

At Dŷmerchion church the texts on the walls are in Welsh.

3.

We went in the coach to Holy-
well. Holywell.

afterwards wrote in a separate column, on the same leaf, under the head of *notes and omissions*, "He had a crown;" and then he appears to have read over his diary at a future time, and interlined the paragraph with the words "only"—"given him by my Mistress," which is written in ink of a different colour. This shews that he read his diary over after he wrote it, and that

Talk with Mistress^b about flattery^c.

Holywell is a market town, neither very small nor mean. The spring called Winifred's Well is very clear,

where his feelings were not accurately expressed, he amended them.

^b Mrs. Thrale.

^c Johnson had no dislike to those commendations which are commonly imputed to flattery. Upon one occasion he said to Mrs. Thrale, "What signifies protesting so against flattery! when a person speaks well of one, it must be either true or false, you know: if true, let us rejoice in his good opinion; if he lies, it is a proof at least that he loves more to please me, than

and so copious, that it yields one hundred tuns of water in a minute. It is all at once a very great stream, which, within perhaps thirty yards of its eruption, turns a mill, and in

to sit silent when he need say nothing. Though I like flattery, a little, too much always disgusts me: that fellow, Richardson, on the contrary, could not be content to glide quietly down the stream of reputation, without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar."

"The difference between praise and flattery is the same as between that hospitality that sets wine enough before the guest, and that which forces him to drink."

a course of two miles, eighteen mills more. : In descent, it is very quick. It then falls into the sea. The well is covered by a lofty circular arch, supported by pillars; and over this arch is an old chapel, now a school. The chancel is separated by a wall. The bath is completely and independently open. : A woman bathed while we all looked on.

In the church, which makes a good appearance, and is surrounded by galleries to receive a numerous congregation, we were present while a child was christened in Welsh.

We went down by the stream to see a prospect, in which I had no

part. We then saw a brass work, where the lapis calaminaris is gathered, broken, washed from the earth and the lead, though how the lead was separated I did not see; then calcined, afterwards ground fine, and then mixed by fire with the copper.

We saw several strong fires with melting pots, but the construction of the fire-places I did not learn.

At a copper-work which receives its pigs of copper, I think, from Warrington, we saw a plate of copper put hot between steel rollers, and spread thin: I know not whether the upper roller was set to a

certain distance, as I suppose, or acted only by its weight.

At an iron-work I saw round bars formed by a knotted hammer and anvil. There I saw a bar of about half an inch, or more, square cut with shears worked by water, and then beaten hot into a thinner bar. The hammers all worked, as they were, by water, acting upon small bodies, moved very quick, as quick as by the hand.

I then saw wire drawn, and gave a shilling. I have enlarged my notions, though not been able to see the movements; and having not time to peep closely, I knew

less than I might. I was less weary, and had better breath, as I walked farther.

4.

Ruthin Castle is still a very noble ruin; all the walls still remain, so that a compleat platform, and elevations, not very imperfect, may be taken. It encloses a square of about thirty yards. The middle space was always open.

Ruthin
Castle.

The wall is, I believe, about thirty feet high, very thick, flanked with six round towers, each about

eighteen feet, or less, in diameter. Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was commodity of living. It was only a place of strength. The garrison had, perhaps, tents in the area.

Stapylton's house is pretty^{*}: there are pleasing shades about

* The name of this house is Bodryddan; formerly the residence of the Stapyltons, the parents of five co-heiresses, of whom Mrs. Cotton, afterwards Lady Salusbury Cotton, was one; but in the year 1774, it was the residence of Mr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, who still lives there.

it, with a constant spring that supplies a cold bath. We then went to see a Cascade.

I trudged unwillingly, and was not sorry to find it dry. The water was, however, turned on, and produced a very striking cataract. They are paid an hundred pounds a year for permission to divert the stream to the mines. The river, for such it may be termed, rises from a single spring, which, like that of Winifred's, is covered with a building.

We called then at another house belonging to Mr. Lloyd, which

made a handsome appearance. This country seems full of very splendid houses.

Mrs. Thrale lost her purse. She expressed so much uneasiness, that I concluded the sum to be very great; but when I heard of only seven guineas, I was glad to find that she had so much sensibility of money.

I could not drink this day either coffee or tea after dinner. I know not when I missed before.

5.

Last night my sleep was remark-

ably quiet. I know not whether by fatigue in walking, or by forbearance of tea.

I gave the ipecacuanha. Vin. emet. had failed; so had tartar emet.

I dined at Mr. Myddleton's, of Gwaynynog. The house was a gentleman's house, below the second rate, perhaps below the third, built of stone roughly cut. The rooms were low, and the passage above stairs gloomy, but the furniture was good. The table was well supplied, except that the fruit was bad. It was truly the dinner of a country

gentleman¹. Two tables were filled with company, not inelegant.

After dinner, the talk was of preserving the Welsh language. I

¹ Johnson affected to be a man of very nice discernment in the art of cookery. Boswell observes, upon one occasion he alarmed a lady, at whose house he was to sup, by this declaration of his skill: "I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, madam, in trying by a

offered them a scheme. Poor Evan Evans was mentioned, as incorrigibly addicted to strong drink. Washington was commended. Myddleton is the only man, who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature. I wish he were truly zealous. I recommended the republication of David ap Rhees's Welsh Grammar.

wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. — *App. 6.*

Two sheets of Hebrides came to me for correction to-day, F. G.^a

6.

Σαδ. δρ. I corrected the two sheets. My sleep last night was disturbed.

Washing at Chester and here,
5s. 1d.

^a F. G. are the printer's signatures, by which it appears that at this time five sheets had already been printed. The MS. was sent to press June 11th. — *Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 288.

I did not read.

I saw to-day more of the out-houses at Llewenev. It is, in the whole, a very spacious house.

7.

I was at church at Bodfari. There was a service used for a sick woman, not canonically, but such as I have heard, I think, formerly at Lichfield, taken out of the visitation. Καθ. μίσθως.

The church is mean, but has a square tower for the bells, rather too stately for the church.

OBSERVATIONS.

Dixit injustus, Ps. 36, has no relation to the English.

Preserve us, Lord, has the name of Robert Wisedome, 1618.—*Bar-ker's Bible*.

Battologiam ab iteratione, recte distinguit Erasmus.—*Mod. Orandi Deum*, p. 56 — 144.

Southwell's Thoughts of his own Death.

Baudius on Erasmus^a.

^a This work, which Johnson was now reading, was, most probably, a little book,

8.

The Bishop and much company
dined at Llewenny*. Talk of
Greek—and the Army. The Duke

entitled *Baudi Epistolæ*, as, in his Life of Milton, he has made a quotation from it. Speaking of Milton's religious opinions, when he is supposed to have vacillated between Calvinism and Arminianism, he observes, "What Baudius says of Erasmus seems applicable to him, *magis habuit quod fugeret quam quod sequeretur.*"

* During Johnson's stay at this place, Mrs. Thrale gives this trait of his character.

of Marlborough's officers useless, Read Phocylidis¹, distinguished the paragraphs. I looked in Leland: an unpleasant book of mere hints².

" When we went into Wales together, and spent some time at Mr. Cotton's at Llewenev, one day at dinner, I meant to please Mr. Johnson particularly, with a dish of very young peas. ' Are not they charming ? ' said I to him, while he was eating them. ' Perhaps they would be so — to a pig.' This is given only as an instance of the peculiarity of his manner, and which had in it no intention to offend.

¹ The title of the poem is Πόλημα νεστερικόβ.

² Leland's Itinerary, published by Thomas

Lichfield School, ten pounds;
and five pounds from the Hospital.

10.

At Lloyd's, of Maesmynnan; a Maesmynnan
good house, and a very large
walled garden. I read Windus's Ac-
count of his Journey to Mequinez,
and of Stewart's Embassy'. I had

Hearne, in nine very thin octavo volumes,
1710.

* This book is entitled, " A Journey to
Mequinez, the Residence of the present
Emperor of Fez and Morocco, on the

read in the morning Wasse's Greek Trochaics to Bentley. They appear inelegant, and made with difficulty. The Latin Elegy contains only common-place, hastily expressed, so far as I have read, for it is long. They seem to be the verses of a scholar, who has no practice of writing. The Greek I did not always fully understand. I am in doubt about sixth and last paragraphs, perhaps they are not printed right, for *ἑυροχον* perhaps *ἑυροχον*. q?

Occasion of Commodore Stewart's Embassy thither, for the Redemption of the British Captives, in the Year 1721." 8vo.

The following days I read here and there. The *Bibliotheca Literaria* was so little supplied with papers that could interest curiosity, that it could not hope for long continuance*. Wasse, the chief contributor, was an unpolished scholar, who, with much literature, had no art or elegance of diction, at least in English.

14.

At Bodfari I heard the second

* The *Bibliotheca Literaria* was published in London, 1722-4, in 4to. numbers, but only extended to ten numbers.

lesson read, and the sermon preached in Welsh. The text was pronounced both in Welsh and English. The sound of the Welsh, in a continued discourse, is not unpleasant.

Βρώσις ὀλίγη καὶ α. φ.

The letter of Chrysostom, against transubstantiation. Erasmus to the Nuns, full of mystic notions and allegories.

15.

Καὶ. Imbecillitas genuum non

* By this expression it would seem, that on this day Johnson ate sparingly.

sine aliquantulo doloris inter ambulandum, quem a prandio magis sensi".

" A weakness of the knees, not without some pain in walking, which I feel increased after I have dined."

Throughout this Diary, when Johnson is obliged to turn his thoughts to the state of his health, he always puts his private memoranda in the learned languages; as if to throw a slight veil over those ills which he would willingly have hid from himself.

The day after this memorandum was made, he wrote a letter to his medical friend, Mr. Robert Levet.

16.

We left Llewenev, and went forwards on our journey.

Abergeley.

We came to Abergeley, a mean

“ TO MR. ROBERT LEVET.

“ Llewenev, in Denbighshire,

August 16, 1774.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ MR. THRALE's affairs have kept him here a great while, nor do I know exactly when we shall come hence. I have sent you a bill upon Mr. Strahan.

“ I have made nothing of the ipeca-

town, in which little but Welsh is spoken, and divine service is seldom performed in English.

Our way then lay to the sea-side, at the foot of a mountain, called Penmaen Rhôs. Here the way

Penmaen
Rhôs.

cuanha, but have taken abundance of pills, and hope that they have done me good.

“ Wales, so far as I have yet seen of it, is a very beautiful and rich country, all enclosed and planted. Denbigh is not a mean town. Make my compliments to all my friends, and tell Frank I hope he remembers my advice. When his money is out, let him have more. I am, Sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

was so steep, that we walked on the lower edge of the hill, to meet the coach, that went upon a road higher on the hill. Our walk was not long, nor unpleasant: the longer I walk; the less I feel its inconvenience. As I grow warm, my breath mends, and I think my limbs grow pliable.

Conway
Ferry.

We then came to Conway Ferry, and passed in small boats, with some passengers from the stage coach, among whom were an Irish gentlewoman, with two maids, and three little children, of which, the youngest was only a few months old. The tide did not serve the large ferry-boat, and therefore our coach could not very soon follow us. We

were, therefore, to stay at the Inn. It is now the day of the Race at Conway, and the town was so full of company, that no money could purchase lodgings. We were not very readily supplied with cold dinner. We would have staid at Conway if we could have found entertainment, for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by bright daylight, and the delay of our coach, made our departure necessarily late. There was, however, no stay on any other terms, than of sitting up all night.

The poor Irish lady was still

more distressed. Her children wanted rest. She would have been contented with one bed, but, for a time, none could be had. Mrs. Thrale gave her what help she could. At last two gentlemen were persuaded to yield up their room, with two beds, for which she gave half a guinea.

Penmaen
Mawr.

Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very easy, and very safe*.

* Penmaen Mawr, is a huge rock, rising nearly 1550 feet perpendicular above the

It was cut smooth, and enclosed between parallel walls; the outer of which, secures the passenger from the precipice, which is deep and dreadful. This wall is here and there broken, by mischievous wantonness. The inner wall preserves the road from the loose stones, which the shattered steep above it

sea. Along a shelf of this precipice, is formed an excellent road, well guarded, toward the sea, by a strong wall, supported in many parts by arches turned underneath it. Before this wall was built, travellers sometimes fell down the precipices.

would pour down. That side of the mountain seems to have a surface of loose stones, which every accident may crumble. The old road was higher, and must have been very formidable. The sea beats at the bottom of the way.

Bangor. At evening the moon shone eminently bright; and our thoughts of danger being now past, the rest of our journey was very pleasant. At an hour somewhat late, we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty to obtain lodging. I lay in a room, where the other bed had two men.

19.

We obtained boats to convey us to Anglesey, and saw Lord Bulkeley's House, and Beaumaris Castle. Beaumaris.

I was accosted by Mr. Lloyd, the Schoolmaster of Beaumaris, who had seen me at University College ; and he, with Mr. Roberts, the Register of Bangor, whose boat we borrowed, accompanied us.

Lord Bulkeley's house is very mean, but his garden is spacious, and shady with large trees and smaller interspersed. The walks are straight, and cross each other, with no variety Baron Hill.

of plan; but they have a pleasing coolness, and solemn gloom, and extend to a great length*.

Beaumaris
Castle.

The Castle is a mighty pile; the outward wall has fifteen round towers, besides square towers at the

* Baron Hill, is the name of Lord Bulkeley's house; which is situated just above the town of Beaumaris, at the distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, commanding so fine a view of the sea, and the coast of Caernarvon, that it has been sometimes compared to Mount Edgecombe, in Devonshire. Lord Lyttelton, speaking of the house and gardens, says,—“ The house is a bad one, but the gardens are made in a very fine taste.”

angles. There is then a void space between the wall and the Castle, which has an area enclosed with a wall, which again has towers, larger than those of the outer wall. The towers of the inner Castle are, I think, eight. There is likewise a Chapel entire, built upon an arch as I suppose, and beautifully arched with a stone roof, which is yet unbroken. The entrance into the Chapel is about eight or nine feet high, and was, I suppose, higher, when there was no rubbish in the area.

This Castle corresponds with all the representations of romancing

narratives. Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower. We did not discover the Well. This is the most complete view that I have yet had of an old Castle. It had a moat.

The Towers.

We went to Bangor.

20.

Caernarvon. We went by water from Bangor to Caernarvon, where we met Paoli'

General Pasquale de Paoli, the distinguished patriot of Corsica, who, after all

and Sir Thomas Wynne*. Meeting by chance with one Troughton*, an intelligent and loquacious wanderer, Mr. Thrale invited him to dinner. He attended us to the Castle, an

his exertions failed to render his native country any service, retired to England in 1769, and died in London Feb. 5, 1807, in the eighty-second year of his age.—*See Johnson's first interview with him. App. 7.*

* Sir Thomas Wynne, created Lord Newborough, July 14, 1776. Died October 12, 1807. Father to the present Lord Newborough.

* This gentleman was a lieutenant in the Navy.

edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength ; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions : many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire ; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left : this is the state of all buildings left to time. We mounted the Eagle Tower by one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches^b.

^b Johnson, as appears in the course of this Diary, often amused himself with minute computation, and this was much the habit of his mind. In a letter to

We did not find the Well; nor did I trace the Moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines. We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old

Mrs. Thrale, Oct. 6, 1777, he says, "Mr. Langton bought at Nottingham fair fifteen ton of cheese; which, at an ounce a-piece, will suffice after dinner for four hundred and eighty thousand men." At another time he says, "Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries."

buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by the rubbish.

To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings; it surpassed my ideas.

21.

We were at church; the service in the town is always English; at the parish church at a small distance, always Welsh. The town has by degrees, I suppose, been brought nearer to the sea side.

We received an invitation to Dr. Worthington. We then went

to dinner at Sir Thomas Wynne's,
—the dinner mean, Sir Thomas
civil, his Lady nothing. Paoli
civil.

We supped with Colonel Wynne's
Lady, who lives in one of the towers
of the Castle.

I have not been very well.

22.

We went to visit Bodville, the Bodville.
place where Mrs. Thrale was born,
and the churches called Tydweilliog
and Llangwinodwl, which she holds
by impropriation.

We had an invitation to the Bryn o dol.

house of Mr. Griffiths of Bryn o
dol, where we found a small neat
new built house, with square rooms :
the walls are of unhewn stone, and
therefore thick ; for the stones not
fitting with exactness, are not strong
without great thickness. He had
planted a great deal of young wood
in walks. Fruit trees do not thrive ;
but having grown a few years, reach
some barren stratum and wither.

We found Mr. Griffiths not at home; but the provisions were good. Mr. Griffiths came home the next day. He married a lady who has a house and estate at , over against Anglesea,

and near Caernarvon, where she is more delighted, as it seems, to reside than at Bryn o dol.

I read Lloyd's account of Mona, which he proves to be Anglesea.

In our way to Bryn o dol, we saw at Llanerk a Church built crosswise, very spacious and magnificent for this country. We could not see the Parson, and could get no intelligence about it. Llanerk.

24.

We went to see Bodville. Mrs. Bodville. Thrle remembered the rooms, and wandered over them with recollec-

tion of her childhood. This species of pleasure is always melancholy. The walk was cut down, and the pond was dry. Nothing was better^c.

We surveyed the Churches, which are mean, and neglected to a degree scarcely imaginable. They have no pavement, and the earth is full of holes. The seats are rude benches; the Altars have no rails. One of them has a breach in the roof. On the desk, I think, of each lay a folio Welsh Bible of the black letter, which the curate

^c *App.* 8.

cannot easily read^d. Mr. Thrale purposes to beautify the Churches, and if he prospers, will probably

^d In this tour, Mrs. Thrale records an anecdote of the ignorance of a clergyman in Wales, which, upon this occasion, was very probably in Johnson's mind.

"A Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto round somebody's arms which adorned a tomb-stone in Ruabon* churchyard.

* Ruabon is also written Rhia Abon. It is a very considerable vicarage, within four miles of Wrexham.

restore the tithes. The two parishes are, Llangwinodyl^e and Tydweilliog^{*}.

If I remember right, the words were,

Heb Dw, Heb Dym,

Dw o' diggon.

And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, '*Heb* is a preposition, I believe, sir; is it not?' My countryman recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, "So I humbly presume, sir," very comically.

* These two parishes are perpetual curacies, endowed with the small tithes, which

The Methodists are here very prevalent. A better church will impress the people with more reverence of public worship.

in 1809 amounted to six pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence in each parish; but these sums are increased by Queen Ann's bounty; and in 1809 the whole income for Llangwinodyl, including surplice fees, amounted to forty-six pounds two shillings and twopence, and for Tydweilliog, forty-three pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence; so that it does not appear that Mr. Thrale carried into effect his good intention.

Mrs. Thrale visited a house where she had been used to drink milk, which was left, with an estate of two hundred pounds a year, by one Lloyd^f, to a married woman who lived with him.

Pwllheli. We went to Pwllheli, a mean

^f Mr. Lloyd was a very good-natured man; and when Mrs. Thrale was a little child, he was used to treat her with sweetmeats and milk; but what was now remarkable was, that she should recollect the house, which she had not seen since she was five years old.

old town, at the extremity of the country. Here we bought something, to remember the place.

25.

We returned to Caernarvon, where we ate with Mrs. Wynne. Caernarvon.

26.

We visited, with Mrs. Wynne, Llyn Badarn and Llyn Beris, two lakes, joined by a narrow strait. They are formed by the waters which fall from Snowdon, and the opposite mountains. On the side Llyn Badarn. Llyn Beris. Snowdon.

of Snowdon are the remains of a large fort, to which we climbed with great labour. I was breathless and harrassed. The Lakes have no great breadth, so that the boat is always near one bank or the other.

Note. Queeny's goats, one hundred and forty-nine, I think^s.

^s Mr. Thrale was near-sighted, and could not see the goats browsing on Snowdon, and he promised his daughter, who was a child of ten years old, a penny for every goat she would shew him, and Dr. Johnson kept the account; so that it appears her father was in debt to her one hundred and

27.

We returned to Bangor, where Bangor.
Mr. Thrale was lodged at Mr.
Robert's, the Register.

28.

We went to worship at the
Cathedral. The quire is mean,
the service was not well read.

forty-nine pence. Queeny was the epithet,
which had its origin in the nursery, by
which Miss Thrale was always distinguished
by Johnson.

29.

Gwaynynog. We came to Mr. Myddelton's, of Gwaynynog, to the first place, as my Mistress^b observed, where we have been welcome.

Note. On the day when we visited Bodville, we turned to the house of Mr. Griffiths, of Kefnam-wycllh, a gentleman of large fortune, remarkable for having made great and sudden improvements in his seat and estate. He has enclosed a large garden with a brick wall.

^b Mrs. Thrale.

He is considered as a man of great accomplishments. He was educated in literature at the University, and served some time in the army, then quitted his commission, and retired to his lands. He is accounted a good man, and endeavours to bring the people to church.

In our way from Bangor to Conway, we passed again the new road upon the edge of Penmaen Mawr, which would be very tremendous, but that the wall shuts out the idea of danger. In the wall are several breaches, made, as Mr. Thrale very reasonably conjectures, by fragments of rocks

which roll down the mountain, broken perhaps by frost, or worn through by rain.

Conway. We then viewed Conway.

To spare the horrors at Penmaen Rhôs, between Conway and St. Asaph, we sent the coach over the road cross the mountain with Mrs. Thrale, who had been tired with a walk sometime before; and I, with Mr. Thrale and Miss, walked along the edge, where the path is very narrow, and much encumbered by little loose stones, which had fallen down, as we thought, upon the way ~~since~~ we passed it before.

At Conway we took a short survey of the Castle, which afforded us nothing new. It is larger than that of Beaumaris, and less than that of Caernarvon. It is built upon a rock so high and steep, that it is even now very difficult of access. We found a round pit, which was called the Well; it is now almost filled, and therefore dry. We found the Well in no other Castle. There are some remains of leaden pipes at Caernarvon, which, I suppose, only conveyed water from one part of the building to another. Had the Garrison had no other supply, the

Conway
Castle.

Welsh, who must know where the pipes were laid, could easily have cut them.

29.

Gwaynynog. We came to the house of Mr. Myddelton, (on Monday,) where we staid to September 6, and were very kindly entertained. How we spent our time, I am not very able to tell¹.

¹ However this may have been, he was both happy and amused, during his stay at Gwaynynog, and Mr. Myddelton was flattered by the honour of his visit. To per-

We saw the Wood, which is
diversified and romantic.

SEPTEMBER 4, SUNDAY.

We dined with Mr. Myddelton,

petuate the recollection of it, he erected an
Urn on the banks of a rivulet, in the park,
where Johnson delighted to stand and recite
verses; on which is this inscription:

This spot was often dignified by the presence of

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

whose Moral Writings, exactly conformable to the

Precepts of Christianity,

gave ardour to Virtue, and confidence to Truth.

In 1777, it would appear from a letter by

the clergyman, at Denbigh, where I saw the harvest-men very decently dressed, after the afternoon service, standing to be hired. On other days, they stand at about four in the morning. They are hired from day to day.

Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, that he was informed that Mr. Myddelton meditated this honour, which seemed to be but little to his taste. "Mr. Myddelton's erection of an urn, looks like an intention to bury me alive; I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned. Let him think, for the present, of some more acceptable memorial."

5.

We lay at Wrexham; a busy, Wrexham.
extensive, and well built town. It
has a very large and magnificent
church. It has a famous fair.

7.

We came to Chirk Castle. Chirk Castle.

8, THURSDAY.

We came to the house of Llanrhaiadr.
Dr. Worthington^k, at Llanrhaiadr.

^k Dr. William Worthington, a man of
distinguished learning, and an author of

Our entertainment was poor, though the house was not bad. The situation is very pleasant, by the side of a small river, of which the bank rises high on the other side, shaded by gradual rows of trees. The gloom, the stream, and the silence, generate thoughtfulness.

The town is old, and very mean, but has, I think, a market. In this town, the Welsh translation of the

many works on religious subjects. He enjoyed considerable preferment in the church, and lived at Llanrhaiadr; of which parish he was the Rector. He died October 6, 1778, aged 75.

Old Testament was made. The Welsh singing Psalms were written by Archdeacon Price. They are not considered as elegant, but as very literal, and accurate.

We came to Llanrhaidr¹, through Llanrhaidr.
Oswestry; a town not very little, Oswestry.
nor very mean. The church, which I saw only at a distance, seems to be an edifice much too good for the present state of the place.

¹ Llanrhaidr, being translated into English, is *The Village of the Fountain*, and takes its name from a spring, about a quarter of a mile from the church.

9.

Llanrhaiadr
Waterfal.

We visited the Waterfal, which is very high, and in rainy weather very copious. There is a reservoir made to supply it. In its fall, it has perforated a rock. There is a room built for entertainment. There was some difficulty in climbing to a near view. Lord Lyttelton^m came near it, and turned back.

When we came back, we took some cold meat, and notwithstanding

^m Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton.

the Doctor's importunities, went that day to Shrewsbury.

10.

I sent for Gwynn^a, and he shewed Shrewsbury. us the town. The walls are broken, and narrower than those of Chester.

^a Mr. Gwynn was an architect of considerable celebrity. He was a native of Shrewsbury, and was at this time completing a bridge across the Severn, called the English Bridge: besides this bridge, he built one at Acham, over the Severn, near to Shrewsbury; and the bridges at Worcester, Oxford, and Henley, are all built by him.

The town is large, and has many gentlemen's houses, but the streets are narrow. I saw Taylor's library. We walked in the Quarry; a very pleasant walk by the river. Our Inn was not bad.

11.

Sunday. We were at St. Chads, a very large and luminous church. We were on the Castle Hill.

12.

Wenlock. We called on Dr. Adams*,

* The Master of Pembroke College, Oxford; who was also Rector of St. Chads, in Shrewsbury.

and travelled towards Worcester, through Wenlock; a very mean place, though a borough. At noon, we came to Bridgenorth, and walked about the town, of which, one part stands on a high rock; and part very low, by the river. There is an old tower, which, being crooked, leans so much, that it is frightful to pass by it. Bridgenorth.

In the afternoon we came through Kinver, a town in Staffordshire; neat and closely built. I believe it has only one street. Kinver.

The road was so steep and miry, that we were forced to stop at

Hartlebury. Hartlebury, where we had a very neat Inn, though it made a very poor appearance.

13.

Ombersley. We came to Lord Sandy's, at Ombersley, where we were treated with great civility^p.

The house is large. The hall is a very noble room.

15.

Worcester. We went to Worcester, a very

^p It was here that Johnson had as much wall-fruit as he wished, and, as he told Mrs. Thrale, for the only time in his life.

splendid city. The cathedral is very noble, with many remarkable monuments. The library is in the Chapter House. On the table lay the Nuremberg chronicle, I think, of the first edition¹. We went to the china warehouse².

¹ The first edition was printed July 12, 1493. The author, or rather compiler of this chronicle, was one Hartman Schedel, of Nuremberg, a Physician.

² In 1777, Sept. 19, Johnson took Boswell to see the China Manufactory, at Derby; and these are his remarks on that occasion: "The Derby china is very pretty, but I think the gilding is all super-

The Cathedral has a cloister.
The long aisle is, in my opinion,
neither so wide nor so high as that
of Lichfield.

16.

Hagley. We went to Hagley, where we

ficial; and the finer pieces are so dear, that
perhaps silver vessels, of the same capacity,
may be sometimes bought at the same
price; and I am not yet so infested with
the contagion of china-fancy, as to like
any thing at that rate, which can so easily
be broken."

were disappointed of the respect and kindness that we expected'.

17.

We saw the House and Park, which equalled my expectation. The house is one square mass. The offices are below. The rooms of elegance on the first floor, with two stories of bedchambers, very well disposed above it. The bed-

• This visit was not to Lord Lyttelton, but to his uncle, the father of the present Lord Lyttelton, who lived at a house called Little Hagley.

chambers have low windows, which abates the dignity of the house.

The Park has an artificial ruin, and wants water ; there is, however, one temporary cascade. From the farthest hill there is a very wide prospect.

18.

I went to Church. The Church is, externally, very mean, and is therefore diligently hidden by a plantation. There are in it several modern monuments of the Lytteltons.

There dined with us, Lord

Dudley, and Sir Edward Lyttelton, of Staffordshire, and his Lady. They were all persons of agreeable conversation.

I found time to reflect on my birth-day, and offered a prayer, which I hope was heard^t.

^t Dr. Johnson particularly disliked to be complimented on his birth-day, or to have the day mentioned, and Boswell frequently annoyed him on that head. In a letter which he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, while he was staying at the Macleods, in the Isle of Skie, he says, "Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family, and reminded me, that the 18th of

19.

We made haste away from a place, where all were offended. In the way we visited the Leasowes.

September is my birth-day. The return of my birth-day, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts, which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon threescore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed; a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy discontent or importunate distress. But perhaps I am better than I

It was rain, yet we visited all the Waterfalls. There are, in one place, fourteen falls in a short line. It is the next place to Elam Gardens. Poor Shenstone never tasted his pension. It is not very well proved

should have been, if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

“ In proportion as there is less pleasure in retrospective considerations, the mind is more disposed to wander forward into futurity ; but at sixty-four, what promises, however liberal, of imaginary good, can futurity venture to make? yet something will be always promised, and some pro-

that any pension was obtained for him. I am afraid that he died of misery.

Birmingham. We came to Birmingham, and I sent for Wheeler, whom I found well.

mises will always be credited. I am hoping, and I am praying, that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or short, than I have yet lived, and in the solace of that hope, endeavour to repose. Dear Queeny's day is next; I hope she at sixty-four will have less to regret.

"I will now complain no more, but tell my Mistress of my travels."

20.

We breakfasted with Wheeler*,
and visited the manufacture of

* Dr. Benjamin Wheeler; he was a native of Oxford, and originally on the foundation of Trinity College; afterwards he became a Fellow of Magdalene College, Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity. He took his degree of A. M. Nov. 14, 1758, and D. D. July 6, 1770; and was a man of extensive learning. Dr. Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, styles him, "My learned friend, the man with whom I most delighted to converse."

Papier Machè. The paper which they use is smooth whited brown ; the varnish is polished with rotten stone. Wheeler gave me a tea-board. We then went to Boulton's, who, with great civility, led us through his shops. I could not distinctly see his enginery.

Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings. Spoons struck at once.

21.

Wheeler came to us again.

Woodstock.

We came easily to Woodstock.

22.

We saw Blenheim and Woodstock Park. The Park contains two thousand five hundred acres; about four square miles. It has red deer^v. Blenheim.

^v Dr. Johnson had a great admiration for Blenheim Park, the measure of which may be estimated by this observation of his to Boswell, when they visited it together in 1776. "You and I, sir, have, I think, seen together the extremes of what can be seen in Britain—the wild rough island of Mull, and Blenheim Park."

Mr. Bryant shewed me the Library with great civility. DURANDI RATIONALE, 1459*. LASCARIS' Grammar of the first edition, well printed, but

* This is a work written by William Durand, Bishop of Mende, and printed on vellum, in folio, by Fust and Schoeffer, in Mentz, 1459. It is the third book that is known to be printed with a date, and is considered as a curious and extraordinary specimen of early printing. An imperfect copy was sold at Dr. Askew's sale, Feb. 22, 1775, for sixty-one pounds, to Mr. Elmsly the bookseller.

much less than later editions'.

Dr. Johnson, in another column of his Diary, has put down, in a note, "First printed book in Greek, Lascaris's Grammar, 4to, Mediolani, 1476." The imprint of this book is, *Mediolani Impressum per Magistrum Dionysium Paravisinum. M.CCCC.LXXVI. Die xxx Januarii.* This edition is very rare, and it is probable that Dr. Johnson saw it now for the first time. A copy was purchased for the king's library at Dr. Askew's sale, 1775, for twenty-one pounds ten shillings.

This was the first book that was ever printed in the Greek character. The first book printed in the English language was the *Historyes of Troye*, printed in 1471; an

The first BATRACHOMYOMACHIA*.

The Duke sent Mr. Thrale partridges and fruit.

Oxford. At night we came to Oxford.

imperfect copy of which was put up to public sale in 1812, when there was a competition amongst men eminent for learning, rank, and fortune; and, according to their estimation of its value, it was sold for the sum of one thousand and sixty pounds ten shillings.—*App.* 9.

* The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. The first edition was printed by Laonicus Cretensis, 1486. This book consists of forty-one pages, small quarto, and the

23.

We visited Mr. Coulson. The Ladies wandered about the University.

24.

Ka9. We dine with Mr. Coulson*.

verses are printed with red and black ink alternately. A copy was sold at Dr. Askew's sale, 1775, for fourteen guineas.

* Mr. Coulson was a senior Fellow of University College; in habit and appear-

Vansittart^b told me his distemper.

Beaconsfield. Afterwards we were at Burke's, where we heard of the dissolution

ance somewhat resembling Johnson himself, and was considered in his time as an Oxford character. He took his degree of A. M. April 12, 1746. After this visit, Dr. Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that he was the man designated in the *Rambler*, under the name of Gelidus the Philosopher.—See *App.* 10.

^b Dr. Robert Vansittart, Fellow of All Souls, and Regius Professor of Law; uncle to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

of the Parliament. We went London.
home*. Bolt Court.

* Mrs. Thrale says, " Dr. Johnson had always a very great personal regard and particular affection for Mr. Burke; and when at this time the general election broke up the delightful society in which we had spent some time at Beaconsfield, Dr. Johnson shook the hospitable master of the house kindly by the hand, and said, ' Farewell, my dear sir, and remember that I wish you all the success which ought to be wished you, which can possibly be wished you, *by an honest man,*' "

OPINIONS AND OBSERVATIONS,
BY DR. JOHNSON.

1. LIFE, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in time past.

2. Of real evils the number is great; of possible evils there is no end.

3. The desire of fame not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

4. Flashy, light, and loud con-

versation, is often a cloke for cunning; as shewy life, and a gay outside, spread now and then a thin covering over avarice and poverty.

5. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt; and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome.

6. Old times have bequeathed us a precept, to *be merry and wise*; but who has been able to observe it? Prudence soon comes to spoil our mirth.

7. The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome, and that

which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

8. It is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket; a very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

9. There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it, cannot be loved, nor will by me at least be thought worthy of esteem.

10. In the world there is much tenderness where there is no mis-

fortune, and much courage where there is no danger.

11. He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare; and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his foot firm upon dry ground may pluck another out of the water; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

12. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless

when they are late ; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind,

13. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life ; hyperbolical praise only corrupts the tongue of the one, and the ear of the other.

14. The fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity, are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.

15. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished. Esteem of great powers or amiable qualities newly

discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost; but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

16. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centered, and neglects the interchange of that social officiousness by which we are habitually endeared to one another. To be without friendship, is to be without one of the first comforts of our pre-

sent state. To have no assistance from other minds in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution.

17. Faith in some proportion to fear.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—Page 4.

*The Character of Mrs. Lucy Porter, Dr.
Johnson's Step-daughter; by Miss Seward,
of Lichfield.*

“ **WHEN** she was in her bloom, she had a round face, and tolerably pretty features, though in the shadeless blankness of flaxen hair and eye-brows, and a clear skin. She had never any elegance of figure; but her rustic prettiness pleased the men. More than once she might have married advan-

tageously; but as to the enamoured affections,

“ High Taurus’ snow, fann’d by the eastern wind,
Was not more cold.”

“ She was one of those few beings, who, from a sturdy singularity of temper, and some prominent good qualities of head and heart, was enabled, even in her days of scanty maintenance, to make society glad to receive, and pet the grown spoiled child. Affluence was not hers till it came to her in her fortieth year, by the death of her eldest brother. From the age of twenty till that period, she had boarded in Lichfield with Dr. Johnson’s mother, who still kept that little bookseller’s shop, by which her husband had supplied the scanty means of existence. Meantime, Lucy Porter kept

the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market-days, lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy Porter took her place, standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledore.

“ With a marked vulgarity of address and language, and but little intellectual cultivation, she had a certain shrewdness of understanding, and piquant humour, with the most perfect truth and integrity. By these good traits in her character, were the most respectable inhabitants of this place induced to bear, with kind smiles, her mulish obstinacy, and perverse contradictions. Johnson himself, often her

guest, set the example, and extended to her that compliant indulgence which he shewed not to any other person. I have heard her scold him like a school-boy, for soiling her floor with his shoes; for she was clean as a Dutch woman in her house, and exactly neat in her person. Dress too she loved in her odd way; but we will not assert that the Graces were her hand-maids. Friendly, cordial, and cheerful to those she loved; she was more esteemed, more amusing, and more regretted, than many a polished character, over whose smooth, but insipid surface, the attention of those who have *mind* passes listless and uninterested."

She died January 13th, 1786, in the seventy-first year of her age.

No. II.—Page 4.

*Some Account of Mrs. Elizabeth Aston,
derived from a Conversation between Dr.
Johnson and Miss Seward.*

Miss Seward.—"I have often heard my mother say, Doctor, that Mrs. Elizabeth Aston was, in her youth, a very beautiful woman; and that, with all the censoriousness and spiteful spleen of a very bad temper, she had great powers of pleasing; that she was lively, insinuating, and intelligent.

"I knew her not till the vivacity of her youth had long been extinguished, and I confess I looked in vain for the traces of former ability. I wish to have *your* opinion,

sir, of what she was, *you* who knew her so well in her *best* days."

Dr. Johnson.—"My dear, when thy mother told thee Aston was handsome, thy mother told thee truth: she was very handsome. When thy mother told thee that Aston loved to abuse her neighbours, she told thee truth; but when thy mother told thee that Aston had any marked ability in that same abusive business, that wit gave it zest, or imagination colour, thy mother did not tell thee truth. No, no, madam, Aston's understanding was not of any strength, either native or acquired."

Miss Seward.—"But, sir, I have heard you say, that her sister's husband, Mr. Walmsley, was a man of bright parts, and extensive knowledge; that he was

also a man of strong passions, and, though benevolent in a thousand instances, yet irascible in as many. It is well known, that Mr. Walmsley was considerably governed by this lady; as witness Mr. Hinton's constant visits, and presence at his table, in despite of its master's avowed aversion. Could it be, that, without some marked intellectual powers, she could obtain absolute dominion over such a man?"

Dr. Johnson. — "Madam, I have said, and truly, that Walmsley had bright and extensive powers of mind; that they had been cultivated by familiarity with the best authors, and by connections with the learned and polite. It is a fact, that Aston obtained nearly absolute dominion over his will; it is no less a fact, that his disposition was irritable and violent. But Walmsley was

a man : and there is no man who can resist the repeated attacks of a furious woman. Walmsley had no alternative but to submit, or turn her out of doors."

No. III.—Page 9.

Dr. Taylor of Ashbourn.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of Dr. Taylor, said, " Taylor is a very sensible, acute man, and has a strong mind ; he has great activity, in some respects, and yet he has such a sort of indolence, that if you should put a pebble upon his chimney-piece, you would find it there, in the same state, a year afterwards.

" His is a very pleasant house, with a lawn, a lake, and twenty deer and five

fawns upon the lawn, and he himself is one of those who finds every hour something new to wish, or to enjoy."

" Dr. Taylor was much taken up in agricultural pursuits, and had great pleasure in having all the stock on his farm of the best quality. In these pursuits, Johnson had no interest; and in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, while he was staying at his house, at different times, he says—' The Doctor is now all for cattle.—I have seen the great bull, and very great he is : I have seen likewise his heir-apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk, and all the fortunes of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf.—There has been a man here to-day to take a farm.

After some talk, he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm? — Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull. Taylor is now going to have a ram, and then, after Aries and Taurus, we shall have Gemini. — While I think on it, I will tell you what I really saw with my own eyes; Mr. Chaplin of Lincolnshire's letter for Dr. Taylor's Cow, accompanied with a draft on Hoare for one hundred and twenty-six pounds to pay for her*.

“ ‘ The Doctor is busy in his fields, and goes to bed at nine, and his whole system

* This letter is dated October 22, 1777.

is so different from mine, that we seem formed for different elements.’”

Dr. Taylor died Feb. 19, 1788.

No. IV.— Page 21.

A Description of Dovedale, by Mr. Whateley.

“ Dovedale is about two miles in length, a deep, narrow, hollow valley; both the sides are of rock; and the Dove in its passage between them is perpetually changing its course, its motion, and appearance. It is never less than ten, nor so much as twenty yards wide, and generally about four feet deep; but transparent to the bottom, except when it is covered with a foam of the purest white, under waterfalls which are perfectly lucid: these are very numerous, but very

different; in some places they stretch straight across, or aslant the stream; in others they are only partial; and the water either dashes against the stones, and leaps over them: or pouring along a steep, rebounds upon those below; sometimes it rushes through the several openings between them, sometimes it drops gently down; and at other times it is driven back by the obstruction, and turns into an eddy.

“ In one particular spot, the valley almost closing, leaves hardly a passage for the river, which, pent up, and struggling for a vent, rages, and roars, and foams, till it has extricated itself from the confinement. In other parts, the stream, though never languid, is often gentle; flows round a little desert island, glides between aits of bulrushes, disperses itself among tufts of

grass, or of moss, bubbles about a water-dock, or plays with the slender threads of aquatic plants which float upon the surface.

“ The rocks all along the dale vary as often in their structure, as the stream in its motion, and do not long present the same figure, or relative position: in one place an extended surface gradually diminishes from a broad base, almost to an edge; in another, a heavy top hanging forwards, overshadows all beneath; sometimes many different shapes are confusedly tumbled together; and sometimes they are broken into slender sharp pinnacles, which rise upright, often two or three together, and often in more numerous clusters. On one side of the dale, they are universally bare; on the other, they are intermixed with wood; and the vast height of both the

sides, with the narrowness of the interval between them, produces a further variety: for whenever the sun shines from behind the one, the form of it is distinctly and completely cast upon the other; the rugged surface on which it falls, diversifies the tints; and a strong reflected light often glares on the edge of the deepest shadow.

“ The breadth of the valley is never the same forty yards together; at the narrow pass which has been mentioned, the rocks almost meet at the top, and the sky is seen as through a chink between them: just by this gloomy abyss, is a wider opening, more light, more verdure, more cheerfulness, than any where else in the dale. Nor are the forms and the situations of the rocks their only variety; many of them are perforated by large natural cavities; some of which open to the sky, some terminate in

dark recesses : and through some, are to be seen several more uncouth arches, and rude pillars, all detached, and retiring beyond each other ; the noise of the cascades in the river echoes amongst them ; the water may often be heard at the same time gurgling near, and roaring at a distance ; but no other sounds disturb the silence of the spot ; the only trace of men is a blind path, but lightly and but seldom trodden by those whom curiosity leads to see the wonders they have been told of Dovedale."

No. V.—Page 49.

The Roman Hypocaust at Chester, described.

" The Hypocaust is of a triangular figure, supported by thirty-two pillars, two feet

ten inches and a half high, and about eighteen inches distant from each other. Upon each is a tile eighteen inches square, as if designed for a capital; and over them a perforated tile, two feet square. Such are continued over all the pillars. Above these are two layers; one of coarse mortar, mixed with small red gravel, about three inches thick; and the other of finer materials, between four and five inches thick; these seem to have been the floor of the room above. The pillars stand on a mortar-floor, spread over the rock. On the south side, between the middle pillars, is the vent for the smoke, about six inches square, which is at present open to the height of sixteen inches. Here is also an antechamber, exactly of the same extent with the Hypocaust, with an opening in the middle

into it. This is sunk nearly two feet below the level of the former, and is of the same rectangular figure; so that both together are an exact square. This was the room allotted for the slaves who attended to heat the place; the other was the receptacle of the fuel designed to heat the room above, the *concamerata sudatio*, or sweating-chamber; where people were seated, either in niches, or on benches, placed one above the other, during the time of the operation. Such was the object of this Hypocaust; for there were others of different forms, for the purpose of heating the water destined for the use of the bathers.

. See *Vitruvius*, book v. c. 10 and 11; and the plates at the end of *Newton's translation*, vol. i.

No. VI.— Page 81.

*Dr. Johnson's Pleasures of the Table, as given
by Mrs. Thrale.*

“ His favourite dainties were, a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal-pye, with plums and sugar, or the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef. With regard to drink, his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavour, but the effect he sought for, and professed to desire; and when I first knew him, he used to pour capillaire into his port wine. For the last twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors. To make himself some amends, indeed, he took his chocolate liberally, pouring in large quantities of cream, or even melted butter; and was so

fond of fruit, that though he usually ate seven or eight large peaches of a morning before breakfast began, and treated them with proportionate attention after dinner again, yet I have heard him protest that he never had quite so much as he wished of wall-fruit, except once in his life, and that was when we were all together at Ombersley, the seat of my Lord Sandys^b.

“ Upon excess in eating, Johnson thus expresses himself: “ Gluttony is, I think, less common among women, than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but, if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little

^b Sept. 13, 1774, page 132.

virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation."

No. VII. — Page 103.

General Pasquale de Paoli. His first Interview with Dr. Johnson, October 10, 1769.

" In this interview, the General spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson, English; and the interview is thus described by Boswell.

" Upon Johnson's approach, the General said, ' From what I have read of your works, sir, and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long held you in great veneration.' The General talked of languages being formed on the particular notions and manners of a people, without knowing which, we cannot know the lan-

guage. We may know the direct signification of single words; but by these, no beauty of expression, no sally of genius, no wit, is conveyed to the mind. All this must be by allusion to other ideas. ‘Sir, (said Johnson,) you talk of language, as if you had never done any thing else but study it, instead of governing a nation.’ The General said, ‘Questo e un troppo gran complimento:’ this is too great a compliment. Johnson answered, ‘I should have thought so, sir, if I had not heard you talk.’ The General asked him what he thought of the spirit of infidelity which was so prevalent. — JOHNSON. ‘Sir, this gloom of infidelity, I hope, is only a transient cloud passing through the hemisphere, which will soon be dissipated, and the sun break forth with his usual splendour.’ — ‘You think

then, (said the General,) that they will change their principles like their clothes.'

—JOHNSON. 'Why, sir, if they bestow no more thought on principles than on dress, it must be so.' The General said, that 'a great part of the fashionable infidelity was owing to a desire of shewing courage. Men who have no opportunities of shewing it as to things in this life, take death and futurity, as objects on which to display it.' —JOHNSON. 'That is mighty foolish affectation. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperor Charles V. when he read upon the tomb-stone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily said, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'

“ He talked a few words of French to the General; but finding he did not do it with facility, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following note :

“ ‘ J’ai lu dans la geographie de Lucas de Linda un Pater-nôster écrit dans une langue tout-à-fait différente de l’Italienne, et de toutes autres lesquelles se derivent du Latin. L’auteur l’appelle *linguam Corsica rusticam* : elle a peut-etre passé, peu à peu ; mais elle a certainement prevalue autrefois dans les montagnes et dans la campagne. Le même auteur dit la même chose en parlant de Sardaigne ; qu’il y a deux langues dans l’Isle, une des villes, l’autre de la campagne.’ ”

“ The General immediately informed him that the *lingua rustica* was only in Sardinia.

Dr. Johnson went home with me, and

drank tea till late in the night. He said,
' General Paoli had the loftiest port of any
man he had ever seen.' "

No. VIII. — Page 110.

On recollecting past Times.

Johnson's reflections on Mrs. Thrale's visiting the house where she was born, tinged his mind with gloom: " such pleasures are always melancholy:" there were times, however, when he himself enjoyed this retrospective pleasure. " I would have been glad to go to Hagley, in compliance with Mr. Lyttelton's kind invitation, for beside the pleasure of his conversation, I should have had the opportunity of recollecting past times, and wandering, *per*

montes notos et flumina nota, of recalling the images of sixteen, and reviewing my conversations with poor Ford. But this year will not bring this gratification within my power." July 8, 1771.

No. IX.—Page 146.

On early Printing.

The first book ever printed, with a date, is a Latin Psalter, in black letter; printed by Faust and Schoeffer, in Mentz; August 14, 1457.

The first Latin Classic ever printed, was Cicero's Offices, printed in Mentz, 1465.

The first Greek book that was printed, is Lascaris's Greek Grammar, printed in Milan, January 30, 1476.

The first Greek Classic that was printed, was an edition of the Iliad and the Odyssey, printed in Florence, 1488, in 2 vols. folio.

The first book printed in the English language, is the *Recueyell of the Historyes of Troye*, in 1471; but the first book printed in England, is the *Game of Chess*, in 1474; both printed in black letter, by Caxton.

Down to the year 1540, the University of Oxford had printed but one classic, which was a Book of Tully's Epistles, printed at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey. Cambridge had not printed any classic at this time.

The first Greek book printed in England, was the Homilies, printed in 1543, at the expense of Sir John Cheke, who established the Greek Lecture at Cambridge.

From these facts, England, with its two

splendid Universities, together with all its resources of wealth and learning, was sixty-seven years later than Milan, in adding to Greek literature from its own press; and, after Mentz had printed a Latin Classic, Oxford followed at the respectful distance of seventy-five years.

That commercial cities on the Continent at this æra should have so far out-stripped us in emulation, is extraordinary; when, in the nineteenth century, to collect the scattered fragments of early typography, without limitation of expense, and without discrimination of their worth, has been sufficient to confer distinction on men of the first rank and fortune of our time. Upon this subject, the reader may be amused and instructed in Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of*

Literature. An author, from whose various works much pleasure and information is always to be found; and his Romance of *Mejnoun and Leila* gives him a place in that department of English literature, which is not contested by any writer of the present day.

No. X.—Page 148.

*Mr. Coulson, Fellow of University College.
His Character designated under the Name
of Gelidus, in the Rambler, No. 24.*

“ Gelidus is a man of great penetration, and deep researches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abstruser sciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations

without confusion; and being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is seldom interrupted by his passions, in the pursuit of the longest chain of unexpected consequences. He has, therefore, a long time indulged hopes, that the solution of some problems, by which the professors of science have been hitherto baffled, is reserved for his genius and industry. He spends his time in the highest room of his house, into which none of his family are suffered to enter; and when he comes down to his dinner, or his rest, he walks about like a stranger, that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderness. He has totally divested himself of all human sensations; he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices

at the good fortune of his nearest friend, nor mourns for any public or private calamity: Having once received a letter, and given it to his servant to read, he was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being shipwrecked, had swam naked to land; and was destitute of necessaries, in a foreign country. Naked and destitute! says Gelidus; reach down the last volume of meteorological observations, extract an exact account of the wind, and note it carefully in the diary of the weather.

“ The family of Gelidus once broke into his study, to shew him that a town at a small distance was on fire, and in a few moments a servant came to tell him, that the flames had caught so many houses on both sides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and

began to think of rather escaping with their lives, than saving their dwellings. What you tell me, says Gelidus, is very probable; for fire naturally acts in a circle.

“ Thus lives this great philosopher, insensible to every spectacle of distress, and unmoved by the loudest call of social nature, for want of considering that men are designed for the succour and comfort of each other; that though there are hours which may be laudably spent upon knowledge not immediately useful, yet the first attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be justly driven out from the commerce of mankind, who has so far abstracted himself from the species, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects the endearments of his

wife, and the caresses of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter."

ITINERARY.

That this Work may be rendered more useful, the Editor has subjoined an Itinerary, to shew, in one view, the relative Distances of the Places mentioned in the Diary, which will assist the Reader, and be of service to the Tourist.

At Chester, visit the Cathedral, the Castle, the City Walls, and St. John's Church. "Chester has many curiosities."

From Chester to Caernarvon, (by Flint,)

74½ miles.

From Chester to Hawarden.....		7 $\frac{3}{4}$ *
<p>Chester.—4$\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Bretton, (in Flintshire.)—7$\frac{1}{2}$, pass Hawarden Castle on the left.—7$\frac{3}{4}$, Hawarden.</p>		
Flint	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	15
<p>Hawarden.—1$\frac{1}{2}$, New Inn Bridge. (A little beyond are the ruins of Euloe Castle, in a copse about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on the right.)—2$\frac{3}{4}$, Pentre Bridge.—4$\frac{1}{2}$, Northorp.—7$\frac{1}{4}$, Flint.</p>		
<p>At Flint is a Castle, the County gaol, and a large smelting-house.</p>		
Holywell	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
<p>Flint.—1$\frac{1}{2}$ Nant y Moch.—2</p>		

* In the first column is the distance from the preceding town; and in the second, the distance from the town from whence the journey commences.

Bagillt.— $3\frac{1}{2}$ Wallwine turnpike.—
 $5\frac{1}{2}$ Holywell.

At Holywell, see Wenefrede's wall and mills, for different processes in the preparation of lead, calamine, copper, brass, and cotton.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the town, are the ruins of Basingweck Abbey.

St. Asaph 10 30 $\frac{1}{2}$

Holywell.—1, pass the lead mines.— $2\frac{1}{2}$, See, on an eminence at a distance on the right, a high round tower, somewhat like an old windmill, supposed to have been a Roman Pharos. About 7, or $7\frac{1}{2}$, descend into the vale of Clwyd.—Extensive prospect; Denbigh at a distance on the left, St. Asaph in front, and

Rhyddlan Castle on the right.—10,
St. Asaph.

At St. Asaph are the Cathedral—
Bishop's palace—and Deanry.—From
the top of the Cathedral is an exten-
sive view along the vale.

From St. Asaph, Denbigh is $5\frac{1}{2}$,
and Rhyddlan 3.

Conwy. (Caernarvonshire.)---- $18\frac{1}{2}$ 49

St. Asaph.—4, on right is Kin-
mel, the seat of — Hughes,
Esq.— $4\frac{3}{4}$, Llan St. Siôrs, or St.
George's.— $6\frac{3}{4}$, Abergeley.— $9\frac{1}{4}$, Llan-
dulas.—18, *Ferry-House**.— $18\frac{1}{2}$
Conwy.

* Post chaises are kept at this house.

At Conway are the Castle—Plas Mawr—and poor remains of the Abbey.

5½ m. South of Conway, is Caer Hên, the *Conovium* of the Romans.

The tourist may cross the ferry again, and visit 1½ m. Bodscallon, and beyond it Gladdaeth, two elegant seats of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. and not far distant from these an old Tower, and the few remains of Diganwy Castle.

Bangor Ferry..... 16½ 65½

Conway.—5, the mountain Penmaen Mawr,—7, Lanfair Vechan.—9, Aber, (a mile and half from Aber is a celebrated waterfall.)—13, Llandygai.—13½, on the right is Penrhyn, the seat of Lord Penrhyn.—15, Ban-

gor, (see here, the Cathedral.)—16½
Bangor Ferry.

The *Inn at Bangor Ferry* is a very
good one.

Caernarvon

9

74½

At Caernarvon are the Castle, and
Plâs Mawr.—From the rock behind
the hotel, and from the Eagle Tower,
are extensive views.

The distance from Caernarvon to
the summit of Snowdon, is rather
more than 12 miles.

½ a mile south, is Llanbublic, and
near it the remains of the Roman
Seguntium.

Caernarvon, to Llanberis

10

Caernarvon.—2½, Pont Rûg.—4,
on right Llanrûg.—6, end of lower

Lake.—8, Dolbadrne Castle.—the romantic vale of Llanberis.—(near Dolbadrne is a cataract (*Caunant Mawr*.)—10, Llanberis.

On the edge of the upper lake is a small copper mine.

On the left of the village is the lofty mountain Glyder Vawr, and at the end of the vale a most romantic pass.

From Dolbadrne Castle, is an easy ascent to the summit of Snowdon, only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.

From Caernarvon, (in an excursion round Anglesea.)

From Caernarvon to Gwyndy ..

20

Caernarvon.—5 cross the straits of Menai, at Moel-y-don Ferry.— $5\frac{1}{2}$,

about a mile to the right is Plas Newydd, the seat of the Earl of Uxbridge.—8, Llandaniel.—11, Llanvihangel. 14½, Llangefui.—20, Gwyndy.

Holyhead, 12½ 32½

Gwyndy. — 3½, Bodedern. — 5, Llanygenedl. — 8½, enter Holyhead island, — 12, Holyhead.

Amlwch, about 20 52½

Ty Mawr, the inn at Amlwch, is a small house.—A mile from Amlwch are the Pary's Copper-mines.—2 miles east is Llan Elian.

Beaumaris, about 20 72½

At Beaumaris is a castle, built by Edward I.

¾ mile, from Beaumaris is Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkeley.

1 mile, is Friars, the seat of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. and near it a barn, built from the ruins of Llanvaes Abbey.— $3\frac{1}{2}$, Paenmon Priory; and just off the point, Priestholme Island, celebrated as being the resort of the species of bird called Puffin.

Caernarvon	20	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
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Cross the ferry to Aber, $3\frac{1}{2}$; and go by Bangor.

From Caernarvon, (in an excursion to Llanrwst.)

From Caernarvon to Capel Cargig, about	22
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Caernarvon.— $5\frac{1}{2}$, Llanddiniolen. (near this place is an ancient fort, called

Dinas Dinorddwig.)—13, Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries.—Romantic vale of Nant Frangon.—17½, Llyn Ogwen.—22, Capel Carig.

Capel Carig stands in a fine mountainous vale, in which are two lakes.

Llanrwst, (by Dolwyddelan Castle,) -----

17 39

Capel Carig.—5, Dolwyddelan Village.—6, Castle.—12, a cataract on the Llugwy, (*Rhaiadr y Wenol.*)—13, Pont-y-pair.—13½, Bettws.—17, Llanrwst.

At Llanrwst, see the Church and Bridge.

¼ mile from the town is Gwydir, the ancient seat of the Wynne family.

3 miles north are the poor remains of Maenan Abbey.

Tan-y-bwlch Inn	20	59
Llanrwst.—3½, Bettws.—5, small cataract on the Conway.—6, the fall of the Conway, (<i>Rhaiadr y Graig Llwyd.</i>)—8, Penmachno.—18, Ffes- tiniog; and near it, the falls of the Cynfael.—19, the Vale of Ffestiniog. —20, Tan-y-bwlch.		
Caernarvon	20	79
Tan-y-bwlch.—6½, Pont-Aberglâs- llyn.—8, Beddgelert.—12, Llyn Cwe- llyn.—13½, Nant Mill.—15, Bettws. —20, Caernarvon.		

From Caernarvon (round the remainder of
North Wales) to Shrewsbury.

From Caernarvon to Beddgelert,	12
Caernarvon.—½, Seguntium and	

Llanbwlch.—4, Pont-Cornant.—5, Bettws.—6½, on the left, Plas y Nant, a house belonging to Sir Robert Williams, Bart.; and on the right, a small cascade at Nant Mill.—7, Llyn Cwellyn.—See Snowdon on the left.—(The tourist who wishes to visit Llyn Dywarchen, in which is the Floating Island, must turn to the right soon after he has passed Llyn Cwellyn.—12, Beddgelert.

From Beddgelert, the distance is 1½ mile to Pont-Aberglasslyn, (the Devil's Bridge.)—7, to Penmorfa;—and 10, to Criccieth, where are the remains of an old castle.

The traveller should by all means visit the vale, near Beddgelert, called Gwynant. 1½ mile on the left, is Dinas Emrys, the place from whence

Merlin's prophecies were delivered.—
2, Llyn-y-dinas.—4½, Llyn Gwynant;
not far from which, is a lofty cataract,
called *Rhaidr y Cwm Dyli*.

Snowdon may be ascended from
Beddgelert; the distance to the sum-
mit is about 6 miles; but the track
is much more rugged than that from
Dolbadarn Castle, near Llanberis.

Tan-y-bwlch, (Merionethshire).—

8

20

Beddgelert.—1½, Pont-Aberglás-
llyn. Along the mountain road,
which is excessively bad for carriages,
are several extended prospects.—3 m.
Tan-y-bwlch.

Not far from the inn, is Tan-y-
bwlch Hall, the seat of ——— Oakley,
Esq.

Ffestiniog is about 3 miles distant:

near it are the falls of the Cynfael.—
The road lays along the vale.

Harlech 10 30

Tan-y-bwlch. — 1, Maentwrog. —
1½, having passed a small bridge, at
some distance on the left is a cata-
ract, (*Rhaiadr dd*). — 4, Llyn Tecwyn
ucha. — 5, Llantecwyn. — 5½, Llyn
Tecwyn isa. — 7, Pont y Crudd. — 10,
Harlech.

At Harlech are the remains of a
castle.

Barmouth 10 40

Harlech. — 1½, Llanfair. — 2½, Llan-
bedir. — (In a field on the right, near
Llanbedir, are two tall upright stones,
probably what the British, in former
times, called *Meini Gwyr*, the *Stones*.)

of the Heroet.)—5½, Llandwye. (From hence is a road on the left to Cors-y-gedol; distant 1½ mile, an ancient seat of the Vaughans, but now belonging to Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.)—8½, Llan Aber.—10, Barmouth.

There is a charming walk along the beach on the bank of the river Maw, near Barmouth.

Dolgelle	10	50
----------------	----	----

Barmouth.—2½, Glan-y-dwr.—8, Llanelltid.—10, Dolgelle.

From Dolgelle, it is 1 mile to Hengwrt, a seat belonging to the Vaughans.—1½, to Y Vaner, or Kemmer Abbey.—6, to the cataract at Dolymelynlyn.—9, to two others, Pistyll y Cain, and Rhaiadr y Maw-

ddach! — After having visited these, you may return, along another road, by the village of Llanfachredd, and Nanney, another seat of the Vaughan family.

From Dolgelle, guides may be had to ascend the mountain Cader Idris, whose summit is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.

Machynlleth 15 65

Dolgelle.—5, Llyn Trigraienyn.—
7, a small public house, (the *Blue Lion*); from whence a guide may be had to the summit of Cader Idris.—
14 miles distant, see at a distance Llyn Mwyngil.—14, cross the Dovey.—
15, Machynlleth.

At Machynlleth is an old building, in which Owen Glendwr is said to have assembled his parliament.

Llanydloes, (Montgomeryshire,)	19	84
<p>Machynlleth. — About half-way, and near 1½ mile on the right, is a cataract, called <i>Ffrwd y Pennant</i>. — Plinlimmon visible at a distance on the right. — Cross the Severn; — and 19, enter Llanydloes.</p>		
Newtown	13	97
<p>Llanydloes. — 6½, Llandinam. — 8, cross river to <i>Caer Sws</i>, an old Roman station about a mile distant; — and return 10, <i>Pen y Strywad</i>. — 13, Newtown.</p>		
<p>Dolforwyn Castle is 4 miles distant; and 1½ mile on the road to Builth is a cataract, but not worth seeing.</p>		
Montgomery	9	106

At Montgomery see the castle and church.

Welsh Pool 9 115

Montgomery.—7½ on the left is Powis Castle.—9, Welsh Pool.

Oswestry, (Shropshire,) 15 130

Welsh Pool.—6, pass the Breiddin Hills on the right.—9, cross, by a ferry, the river Virnwy.—9½, Llanymynech.

At Oswestry, see the Church, St. Oswald's Well, and the Mount where the castle stood.

Wrexham, (Denbighshire,) 15½ 145½

Oswestry.—5½, Chirk.—(See the Church; the Aqueduct over the vale of Ceiriog; and 2 miles distant, Chirk

Castle, the seat of Richard Myddelton, Esq.)—View from thence into *seventeen* different counties.—8, New Bridge.—10, Ruabon, where, in 1798, there was a neat small inn building.—(From this place, the tourist may visit Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart.; and near it, Nant y Bele, where there is a fine prospect on the Dee; $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is Overton; and 9, Bangor.)— $13\frac{1}{2}$, on the right, is Erddig, the seat of Philip Yorke, Esq.—15, Wrexham.

See the Church at Wrexham; and in it a beautiful Monument of Mrs. Mary Myddelton.

$5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Wrexham is Holt, where are the poor remains of a castle.

Mold, (Flintshire,) 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 158

Wrexham.—4½, Ceddigew Bridge.
 5½ Caergurle, near which are a few
 remains of its Castle.—6, Hope.—
 12, Mold.

See the Church, and the Bâyley Hill,
 on which the Castle stood.

1½ from Mold, is Rhual, the seat
 of the Griffith family, near which is
 Maes Garmon, where A. D. 448, the
 famous ALLLELUIA victory was ob-
 tained by the Britons, over the Picts
 and Scots.

Holywell.....	9	167
---------------	---	-----

Mold.—3½, Northop.—6, Halkin.
 —9, Holywell.

St. Asaph.....	10	177
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Denbigh, (Denbighshire).....	6	183
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St. Asaph.—Along the vale of
Clwyd.—6, Denbigh.

See the Castle.

Ruthin	8	191
--------------	---	-----

Denbigh.—Still along the vale of
Clwyd.—3, Llanrhaidr. (See the
Church and Well at this place.)—
8, Ruthin.

At Ruthin are the remains of a
castle.

Llangollen	13½	204½
------------------	-----	------

Ruthin.—10½, enter the vale of
Crucis.—11½, pass the pillar of Eli-
seg, in a meadow on the left.—11¾,
on left Valle Crucis Abbey.—See
Castell Dinas Brân, on an eminence
beyond.

13½, Llangollen.

Visit Valle Crucis Abbey—the Pillar of Eliseg—and Castell Dinas Brân; the latter is about a mile from Llangollen.

Go round the vale of Llangollen, (about 10 miles).—Near Pont Cysyllte, 4 miles, see an immense Aqueduct, for the Ellesmere canal, over the vale.

Corwen, (Merionethshire,) ----- 10 214½

Llangollen.—3, on opposite bank of the Dee, see Llandysilio Hall.—7, the place on which Owen Glyndwr's palace stood.—10, Corwen.

On the hill opposite to the town of Corwen, is a great circle of stones called Y Cær Wen.

5½ miles, from Corwen, on the road to Llanrwst, is Pont y Glyn, where there is a fine cascade.

Bala 13½ 228

Corwen.—Enter the vale of Edeir-
neon.—2½, Cynwyd, not far from
whence is a cataract, called *Rhaiadr*
Cynwyd.—5½, Llandrillo.—9½, cross
the Dee, and pass Llanderfel.—12,
Lanvawr.—13½, Bala.

Near Bala are the lakes.—Tommen
y Bala, and another mount near the
town, on which have been British
forts.

Go round the Lake, 12 miles, (not
in carriages, the road will not admit
it.)—Cross Pont Mwnwglyllyn, and
proceed along the east side.—4 miles,
Llangower.—6½, cross the Turch, and
see the stones carried by the stream in
a thunderstorm, in June, 1781.—7½,
Llanwchllyn.—(A mile beyond is an
ancient British fort, called Castel

Corndochon.)—8, on right Caergai
—11, Llan y cil.—12, Bala.

Llanrhaiadr, (Montgomeryshire,) 15 243

Bala.—1½, Pont Cynwyd.—2,
Rhiwedog.—7, Billter Gerrig.—10½,
Langynog.—15, Llanrhaiadr.

4½ miles distant, is the celebrated
cataract Pistyll Rhaiadr.

Shrewsbury ----- 26 269

Llanrhaiadr—3½, Llangedwin vil-
lage, and on the left Llangedwin
Hall, a seat of Sir Watkin Williams
Wynne, Bart.—8, Llan y Blodwel.—
10, Llanymynech.—14, Knockin.—
18, Nesscliffe.—22, Montford Bridge.
—26, Shrewsbury.

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ERRATA.

The note on the Chapel at Oakover, page 16, belongs to note i, page 38.

Page 33, in a note, for "in which it is held," read "in which they are held."

— 86, for *vs* *Strumol*, read *vs* *Strumol*.

— 92, at the top of the page, for August 16, read 18.

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